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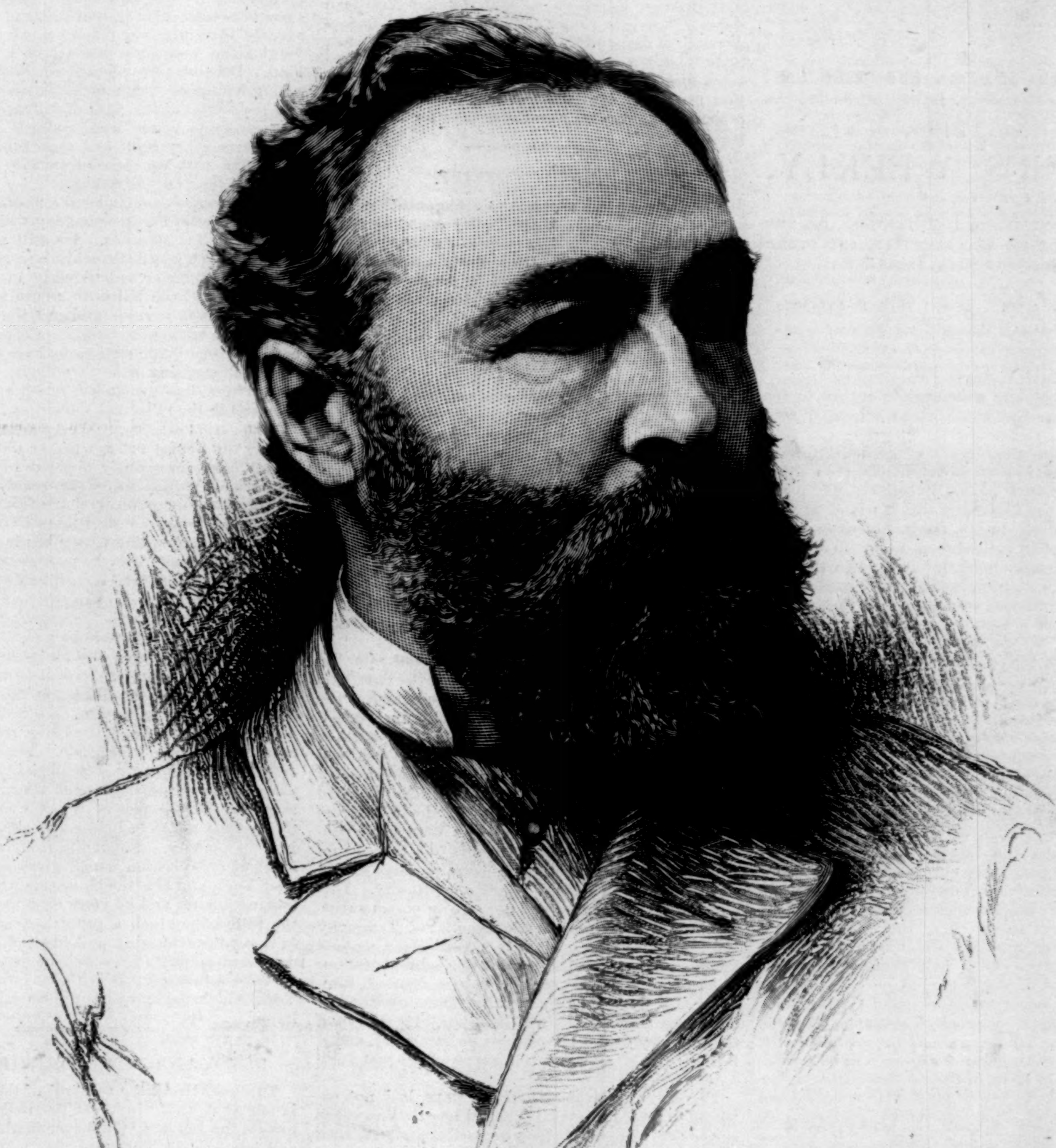

HON. GEORGE C. BARRETT, ASSOCIATE JUSTICE OF THE NEW YORK SUPREME COURT.
From a Photograph by Falk.—[See Page 292.]

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *surpasses all that the skill of our publishers has been able to produce.*—W. E. GLADSTONE.

FIRST JUVENILE SERIAL
BY
W. D. HOWELLS.

The American boy has found his biographer. "A Boy's Town" gives him the right to boast of W. D. HOWELLS, *as his English cousin has long boasted of* THOMAS HUGHES. *To be sure the story dates back forty years; but the boy in it is the typical American lad now as then—a not unnaturally good, a not inordinately wicked, a bright, hearty, go-ahead, manly, honest, all-around sort of a boy. The story tells of his daily doings and dreamings in a little Ohio town on the Great Miami River.* MR. HOWELLS *says it was just the sort of a town for a boy to be a boy in. Nothing very memorable ever happened there, "as the grown-up world counts events"; but "every day was full of wonderful occurrence and thrilling excitement" to that boy. One charm of the narrative is that it may be considered as partially autobiographical; for* MR. HOWELLS *was an Ohio boy himself, and has doubtless drawn largely upon the recollections of his younger days for the material of "A Boy's Town."*

Begins April 8th in
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

BISHOP POTTER

contributes to the same number a paper on "David and Jonathan," the first of a series of "Bible Story" articles by prominent divines of different denominations, with illustrations specially drawn by well-known French artists for HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

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RECIPROCITY AND PROTECTION.

THE most surprising statement in regard to the Pan-American Congress is that a scheme of reciprocity or practical free-trade among the American states may be the chief result of its deliberations. That there is some important commercial proposition under consideration is generally believed, and it has been clear from the beginning that it would be very hard to demonstrate to the South-American states that their interests required them to buy in a dearer rather than a cheaper market. It is plain that the complete freedom of trade among the States of the Union is one of the rich sources of their prosperity, and the prevalence of similar freedom of exchange of products among all the states of the Northern and Southern parts of the continent would result in similar common benefits. It is, indeed, the natural relation of great countries. The free supply of hides from South America enables our workers in leather, our vast boot and shoe enterprises, to compete prosperously in every market. To tax hides as the condition of their entry is to raise the price of boots and shoes to every American. The obvious conclusion is not less resistless because it is so simple.

So long as the system of tariff obstruction continues we cannot expect our South-American neighbors to take very seriously our professions of desire for closer trade relations. The fundamental principle of buying in the cheapest market cannot be set aside by anything less strong than the offer of some advantage greater than that which results from the operation of that principle. In the existing situation of the two parts of the continent no such offer is practicable. It is not, therefore, wholly improbable that some scheme of reciprocity has been entertained in the congress. This is made more probable by the fact that the Pan-American Congress will be regarded as the chief incident in the administration of the State Department by Mr. BLAINE. He is considered to be the author of the movement, and a miscarriage or a mere subsidence of its deliberations into minor and negative results—indeed, any result which is not positive, substantial, and progressive—would be inevitably injurious to the Secretary's prestige. He understands this unquestionably better than any one, and he will hardly acquiesce in an abortive and futile conclusion of the congress. During his previous brief control of the State Department his desire was demonstrated to enter into closer relations with the South-American states, and to establish a continental system which should justify for himself the claim which CANNING made for the King of England. It is remarkable, however, that the announcement of this possible scheme of continental reciprocity should have been made simultaneously with the presentation of the high tariff of Mr. MCKINLEY, which is the natural and necessary result of the election of 1888.

It is never easy to prove the real significance of any general election, but accepting that of 1888 as a fair expression of the popular sentiment upon the question of protection, although the majority fell far below Republican anticipation, it called the Republican party to the control of every branch of the government. A measure embodying the protective principle in its full rigor was therefore fairly to be expected, and there is no doubt that the MCKINLEY bill conforms to that expectation. But Mr. BLAINE, the author and chief figure of the Pan-American Conference, in which apparently a policy of practical continental free-trade is under consideration, is also the leader of the party which is expected to sustain in Congress the rigorous protective tariff of Mr. MCKINLEY, which lays a tax upon South-American hides. This situation has naturally attracted universal attention and comment. Not a word, however, has been reported from the Secretary himself, while many surmises and theoretical explanations have been suggested. Is it possible that a Congress which feels itself logically committed to the MCKINLEY tariff could also countenance the reported Pan-American policy? Is it at all probable that the Secretary has so radically and suddenly changed his views—for his article in the *North-American Review* is still fresh in the public mind—that he proposes South-American reciprocity, a policy which is not affected by a name, and if sound is as desirable with foreign European as with foreign American states? Even the rumor, taken with the undisguised demand of Republican New England for free raw material, gives significance to the assertion that serious discontent is brewing within the administration party, and that shrewd Republican leaders apprehend a dangerous reaction against the high tariff policy.

THE NEW SHERIFF.

THE interest in the recent developments of the carelessness, extravagance, and utter contempt of ordinary honesty and business methods with which the government of the city of New York is carried on is by no means local. The whole Union is concerned in the government of its greatest city, while our contribution to the solution of the problem of municipal administration is of interest to every country. Thus far one point is clearly demonstrated, that there is no important city in any country in which more reckless extravagance of administration and less practical advantage to the citizens can be shown than in New York. On the other hand, such energy and efficiency of exposure of the situation by the press, and such prompt investigation by legislative authority, are not to be found elsewhere. But it is undeniable that there will be no confidence in the permanence of relief so long as the causes which have produced the situation, and which have been long familiar, remain undisturbed. If the city government is to be controlled by political parties for their own advantage, the *régime* of TWEED, more or less modified according to the cleverness of the bosses, will also continue.

The most striking and interesting incident, after the recent revelations and the retirement of the Sheriff, is the appointment of General SICKLES to complete the Sheriff's unexpired term. It was wholly unexpected It was a stroke of the Governor's which justifies the claim made for him by his friends that he is a shrewd politician, and the appointment has been universally greeted with approval. General SICKLES has had much experience of public life, but he was never called to important responsibilities with such general applause. What has been said foolishly of other new officers in the city administration may be said most truly of him—he has a great opportunity. This was not true of the Mayor nor of any of his subordinates. They were merely agents of Tammany Hall, and Tammany Hall is a conspiracy against honest and economical municipal administration. General SICKLES, however, is independent of Tammany. He was not suggested by Tammany, nor was Tammany consulted by the Governor. He is beyond the ordinary sordid temptations of Tammany, and if he has political ambition it is not of a kind that Tammany could make or mar.

Probably, however, General SICKLES had not expected to return to official life, and he enters upon the shrievalty with no pledges or understandings, with none of the usual engagements of any kind whatever, and with the clear perception that the more thoroughly he reforms the abuses in the office, the more strongly he will commend himself to public honor. He may not choose, indeed, to take this position, and he will not be surprised if the public awaits his action before saying more than that he has what other men have not had—a real opportunity. No man could enter an office which has been one of the chief dependencies of Tammany corruption with the determination to cleanse it without finding his task beset with enormous difficulties. The natural hope of good citizens is that General SICKLES's thorough acquaintance with city politics, his strong resolution and courage, and the desire of a man who has been conspicuous in national, civil, and military service to crown his career with signal honor, will induce him to make an office which has long been one of the greatest public scandals a public benefit. It is in that way that he has begun. As he says, he finds the system suitable for a small town still retained in one of the chief cities in the world. By strict observance of the law, which is entirely inadequate to the situation, he will compel a change of the law and abolish every pretence for illegal practices, while the demonstration of the honesty and economy with which the office can be administered will make it at least difficult for any successor to resort to the old prostitution of it.

BALLOT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

THE proposition of Governor HILL to refer the question of the constitutionality of the ballot reform bill to the Court of Appeals showed his consciousness that he was withstanding a very powerful and intelligent public sentiment, and his desire to escape the responsibility of preventing it from becoming law. His veto message shows the same consciousness in his endeavor to demonstrate its unconstitutionality. He lays chief stress upon the official ballot as one not known at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, nor contemplated by it. He says that the word ballot when the Constitution was adopted had a well-understood and popular signification. If he means by this that nothing can be considered a legal ballot except the particular kind of ticket in use forty years ago, he certainly adduces no good reason for his view. The real questions are of a very different kind. Does the law prevent an honest voter from voting for the candidate of his choice? If it does, it is a restriction of the right of suffrage. Does it prevent illiterate voters from voting? Certainly not. They have every right and opportunity which they now have, with an especial security against the ill results of their own illiteracy.

The Governor concludes his message with one of the flourishes of cheap demagogy which are not unfamiliar in his speeches. He will never assent to any bill which is to disfranchise a single honest voter, however humble or unlettered he may be. Yet the very object of the bill is to secure to every honest voter, however humble and unlettered he may be, the chance of honest voting. Corruption and bribery of every kind at elections have become so general and startling that intelligent public opinion everywhere has demanded relief, and the method proposed in the bill which Governor HILL has vetoed has been found to be of the greatest service in protecting the honest voter, whether unlettered or not. It has been strenuously opposed by scheming and professional politicians for the reason that it prevents bribery and corruption, and the frauds that are constantly practised upon the illiterate voter. The character of the opposition to the bill is one of the very strongest arguments for its passage, and, as generally happens, the Governor is in direct opposition to the best sentiment of his own party as well as of the country, and commands the approval of those whose political ascendency would be a public misfortune.

But the Governor is the undoubted choice of his party in New York. Even if it be true that he sold the Presidency for the Governorship, he received the great bulk of his party vote. If the Republican candidate had been elected, the ballot reform bill would now be the law of the State. The Governor's ascendency in his party is undeniably great, and the party at large must be held responsible for him. Some Democratic papers in other States insist that the party is not to be held responsible for Tammany Hall in the city. But if the party should disclaim its chief organization which gives it its victories in New York, and also the Governor whom its Convention nominates and its votes elect, it would discredit the things by which a party is necessarily judged. It is not the protesting and futile minority, it is the dominant majority by which in every State a party must be estimated. It is Democratic votes in New York which baffle ballot reform and license legislation.

REMOVAL OF THE SOUTHERN UTES.

THE question of the removal of the Southern Utes is one that really involves the national good faith toward the Indians. However small their numbers, and however uninteresting they may be to the general public, no public duty is plainer than that of treating them honestly, and with constant regard to their absorption into our civilized community. The annual report of the government agent for the Utes says that, although a few years ago they were leading the original life of savages, they have made great progress toward civilization.

> "The comparatively small assistance they have received from the government has borne good fruit. They have now under cultivation about 600 acres of land, and have raised thereon during the last season about 400,000 pounds of oats, wheat, and barley, besides a large quantity of vegetables and some corn. They have learned in a measure the art of irrigation, and would no doubt become in the near future self supporting by their agricultural labor if further and more extensive assistance were given them by the government.

> In this climate agriculture is the only employment which can be successfully carried on by the Indians. The rich lands in their possession should be brought under a system of irrigation by constructing large irrigating canals, and thus utilize the abundance of water in the streams and the splendid soil of this reservation."

They are well-behaved, and their sanitary condition is good. But it is proposed to remove them, and for the usual reasons—reasons which are always urged for the violation of our agreements with Indians—the first step in which is to obtain under false representations or appeals to fear their consent to removal. It is said that the Utes occupy a large and valuable tract of land, the shape of which interposes a barrier to the free communication of the whites living on the borders of the reservation; that they are lazy, shiftless, and not civilizable; that the reservation to which they would be removed is secluded and adapted to their wants; and that they wish to go.

The reply to this is that the allotment of land in severalty would open the reservation to travel and settlement, and dispose wholly of the only reason of apparent weight for their removal. The burden of their neighborhood must be borne by some community, and it should be borne rather by those who voluntarily settle near them, than by others upon whom their presence would be involuntarily imposed. Removal would be the abandonment of the national policy of land in severalty, taking Indians from lands which are their own under the pledge of the government, and banishing them to a region beyond civilizing influences, with the right of roaming over a country already occupied by settlers with vested rights, who protest against their coming. Moreover, Utah, in which the proposed new reservation lies, protests by a unanimous resolution of her Legislature. No general interest requires the removal, which merely delays the final civilization of the Indians, who are the last remnant of the race in Colorado, and who do not increase.

It is believed that the committee of the Senate is disposed to favor the removal, despite the strong convictions against it of the Indian Commissioner and of the earnest and intelligent protest of the Indian Rights Association, which is not a sentimental body, but thoroughly well-informed upon the subject, and the best-equipped and wisest practical counsellor of the friends of the Indians in Congress. If Indians are a sore and plague upon the body-politic, which seems to be a common opinion, the declared national policy of land in severalty and of absorption in civilization is manifestly wiser than the continuance of the sore by maintaining them as a separate foreign and hostile element of the population. The question of their contact with white civilization must be settled. It cannot be evaded, and it should be settled where the Indians are already in possession, and acquiring the habits and the spirit of civilized life. As the true penal policy, attested by the most intelligent and prolonged experience, is the reformation of prisoners, the wise and accepted Indian policy is not extermination as vermin, but reclamation as citizens. A wrong done to the Southern Utes will merely make other wrongs more probable and more practicable, while the interests and influences which demand its perpetration are not such as should determine the action of Congress.

THE SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

For many years the Sailors' Snug Harbor on Staten Island has been a nest of political corruption. There are some 800 or 900 inmates, and of 500 of them lately examined, half admitted that they had taken bribes at a recent election. The corruption was notorious, but it was intrenched in the favor of the local political rings, and of the saloons at which the "tokens" by which the bribery was effected were redeemed, partly in liquor. The trustees of the Harbor finally came to the relief of the honest voters of the island by investigating the subject, and upon careful inquiry decided to expel and suspend some of the leaders in this debauchery of local politics, and intrusted to the Governor of the Harbor the execution of their orders.

Governor Trask firmly obeyed his orders, and for the first time an effective blow was struck at the evil, to the great satisfaction of the honest voters of Richmond County. But the rings and the saloons, combining with friends of the sailors who had been dismissed, violently assailed Governor Trask in the newspapers and elsewhere as a cruel oppressor of helpless old seamen, and finally one of the men who had been expelled attempted his assassination. The Governor's life was saved by the fact that the bullet struck a thick package of papers in his breast pocket. After strong efforts to arouse the prejudices of the jury against the Governor as a heartless tyrant, the man who had fired the shot was convicted, and sentenced to a small fine and brief imprisonment. The intelligent neighborhood of the Harbor, seeing that Governor Trask had been recklessly assailed and his life endangered for obeying orders which were designed solely for the public benefit, united in an expression of its gratitude for the action of the trustees and of their efficient officer, which was submitted to the Board of Trustees.

The hostility to the Governor concentrated itself in an effort to prevent his re-election. The assaults in the newspapers and private intrigues were renewed. The political rings, political corruption, the liquor interest, and personal enmity all strove to set him aside for their own purposes. But at the annual meeting of the trustees, all being present but one, Governor Trask received every vote but one—a result which is a signal benefit to the island and to honest politics. That among 800 or 900 sailors there must be some who require firm control and rigor of discipline for the welfare of the whole body is evident, and that every Governor of the Harbor is bitterly denounced by some inmates is a familiar fact. But the management of the institution is under the constant inspection of the trustees, who hear complaints and inquire into their reason, and who are satisfied that the administration of Governor Trask is satisfactory. The assault upon him was due, not to his alleged cruelty, but to his firm and faithful execution of the wise orders of the trustees, and their strong resolutions of commendation, as well as the unanimity of their vote of confidence, are a happy culmination and end of the controversy.

JUDGE BARRETT.

Integrity, dignity, learning, intellectual ability, and courage are the indispensable qualities of the judicial bench. Webster's remark in speaking of Judge Story, "Justice, sir, is the great interest of man on earth," and his famous eulogy of John Jay, "When the spotless ermine of the judicial robe fell on John Jay, it touched nothing not as spotless as itself," are memorable expressions of the instinctive feeling in every country governed by laws and not men of the vital importance to the state of the faithful and fearless judge.

No community in this country has had occasion within the last generation to feel this truth more deeply than the city of New York. Its hour of greatest peril was that when enough venal judges were found to serve as the tools of a remorseless conspiracy for corrupt control of the city, and nothing has so profoundly reassured public confidence as the evidence during the same period that there were judges not to be intimidated nor cajoled nor bribed. These, the city may truly say—these are my jewels.

Among them, it will be universally agreed, Judge Barrett, whose portrait appears upon our first page, is conspicuous. A great orator said of a great advocate, "Thieves ask of his health before they begin to steal." For a very different reason every malefactor, whether an obscure criminal, a public officer, or a powerful corporation, asks whether in a certain event Judge Barrett would sit in judgment. They and the public know that in him justice, not favor, nor ambition, nor fear, sits upon the bench. His course has been such as to command general trust and approval. His official example is a public benefit because it shows that profound respect attends the worthy discharge of the judicial office, and that even in the lowest view of securing "good fame," official honesty is the best policy. If Judge Barrett were dead, he would be commended with the warmest eulogy. That he is living should not silence praise of the just judge.

FREE PICTURES.

The President recommends that the present duty upon foreign works of art should be removed. It is surprising and shameful that such a tax should exist, not because it belongs to what is called a scheme of protection, but because it shows such gross ignorance of the proper principle of protection. It assumes that people must have pictures, and therefore that they will buy daubs if they can have nothing better, and that by keeping out good foreign works American works will find a market.

The artists are wiser than the legislators. They have long and strongly protested against this impost, and they may be supposed to understand their own wishes and interests as well as iron-masters and woollen manufacturers understand theirs. The argument is old and plain. The free entry of foreign works of art is an education to native artists, while it stimulates the general taste from which springs the demand for such works. Another reason has been urged by the artists themselves. It is that all our arts of design will be greatly fostered by familiarity with the finest forms of art, so that the prohibition or restriction of their entry is a serious limitation of opportunity for mechanical designers.

The argument is suggestive, perhaps too suggestive for the uncompromising advocates of a universal tariff. They naturally think it dangerous to touch it anywhere. It is surprising that what the *Tribune* truly calls "this unnecessary tax upon a means of education" was not repealed by the Mills bill, and it would be curious if the repeal should be the only change in the tariff made by a high protection Congress.

SIGNS IN THE SENATE.

The dependent pension bill has passed the Senate. But the schemes of expenditure which are contemplated by some politicians were revealed by an amendment offered by Mr. Plumb, of Kansas, removing the limitation on arrears of pensions, making those granted for wounds or their consequences begin with the death or discharge of the soldiers. Mr. Plumb thought that the cost would be about $500,000,000. This sum, in addition to the present payments for pensions, evidently startled the Senate, and Mr. Frye, Republican Senator from Maine, spoke very plainly.

He said that such a proposition was a terrible menace to the soldiers. It was "a pace too rapid altogether for their welfare." Mr. Cleveland's vetoes, he said, were approved not only by his party, but by many Republican business men. The amendment, he thought, imperilled the true interests of the soldiers, and would foster prejudices against all pensions. General Hawley, of Connecticut, was equally decided. He said that he did not believe his State required him to add $500,000,000 to the public debt, or that a majority of the soldiers wished it. Such headlong extravagance would tend to defeat the party which authorized it, and bring into power a party which would not befriend the soldier. He quoted General Grant's remark that he would sign any reasonable bill to relieve the distress of an honest old soldier, or of his wife or children, but not one dollar to able-bodied men.

From Republicans these were significant words. They showed the consciousness of a public sentiment which, in General Hawley's phrase, is not stampeded by claim agents. It is impossible that intelligent and sagacious men like Messrs. Frye and Hawley should not see that a party which in the present situation raises the cost of boots and shoes, and calmly contemplates the increase of the public debt by what the amazing Mr. Blair, of New Hampshire, computes at a billion of dollars, can hardly arouse the enthusiasm of the country.

PERSONAL.

Only two votes were cast for Lincoln in Georgia in 1860, one of them by "Uncle Billy" Powers, who is still alive. The other man, Cyrus McCollum, was conscripted and lost his life during the war. Mr. Powers was formerly a Baptist minister, but now belongs to the sect known as the Church of Christ. He lives in northeast Georgia, and sometimes appears in Atlanta, where his quaint figure always attracts attention. He wears a broad-brimmed soft hat, home-made gray jeans, and a long white beard, and looks as if he belonged to a former generation. "Uncle Billy" has been hanged in effigy several times for holding sentiments unpopular in the section where he lives, but has never been roughly handled. He imbibed his ideas from his father, who was a Whig, and from the Declaration of Independence, and from speeches of Clay and Webster which he learned when a boy. In 1884 he was a Blaine elector, and now he is a census supervisor.

—A pleasant surprise awaited Miss Amelia B. Edwards as she finished her closing lecture in Boston the other afternoon. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore arose and with a graceful little speech presented the lecturer with a bracelet, which is inscribed as coming "from grateful and loving friends—women of Boston." The gift is of California gold, set with two tourmalines—one, a ruby, coming from Maine, and the other, an emerald, from North Carolina. "We wish very much," said Mrs. Livermore, in making the presentation, "that this bracelet would prove a magic charm to heal and cure the wounded arm which Dr. Edwards has borne with such consummate bravery and courage." A beautiful pendant of California gold, set with an aqua-marina from the summit of the Rocky Mountains and a pearl from Texas, was given to Miss Kate Bradbury, Miss Edwards's friend and travelling companion.

—Hiram Camp, President of the New Haven (Connecticut) Clock Company, has been in the clock-making business for over sixty years, all the time with one concern. He probably knows more about the history of clock manufacture in this country than any other man in the Nutmeg State, which gave birth to the business a hundred years ago, and has monopolized it to a great extent ever since. In the days of wooden clocks the manufacturers made up a few at a time and peddled them through the country, and the filling of an order for a hundred clocks would have been considered the work of an ordinary lifetime. Now the companies in Connecticut and other parts of the country turn out over two million clocks a year.

—Mrs. Helen Allingham, a London artist and a neice of Rev. Brooke Herford, of Boston, is the first woman to be elected a member of the Royal Society of Water-color Painters.

—There seems to be little doubt that Old Gabriel, the mission Indian who died not long ago at Salinas, California, was one hundred and fifty years old. His story, as handed down by the Franciscan missionaries, shows that when Father Junipero arrived in Monterey in 1769, Gabriel was already a grandfather. His long life was greatly due to his habits of personal cleanliness, which were strict, and the regularity with which he ate his simple meals. The other Indians, however, attributed his longevity to the fact that he was the first of their number to be baptized by the priest. Up to five or six years ago Gabriel's faculties were well preserved, but later on they failed rapidly.

—A fair to raise money for charitable purposes was held not long ago at Prince Bismarck's house in Berlin, at which the great statesman and his big hunting hound were prominent figures. The Prince walked around in the plain undress uniform of a cuirassier officer, chatted pleasantly with acquaintances, and now and then bought something. Princess Bismarck sold articles at the principal table, and other titled ladies presided over booths or tables in the different rooms.

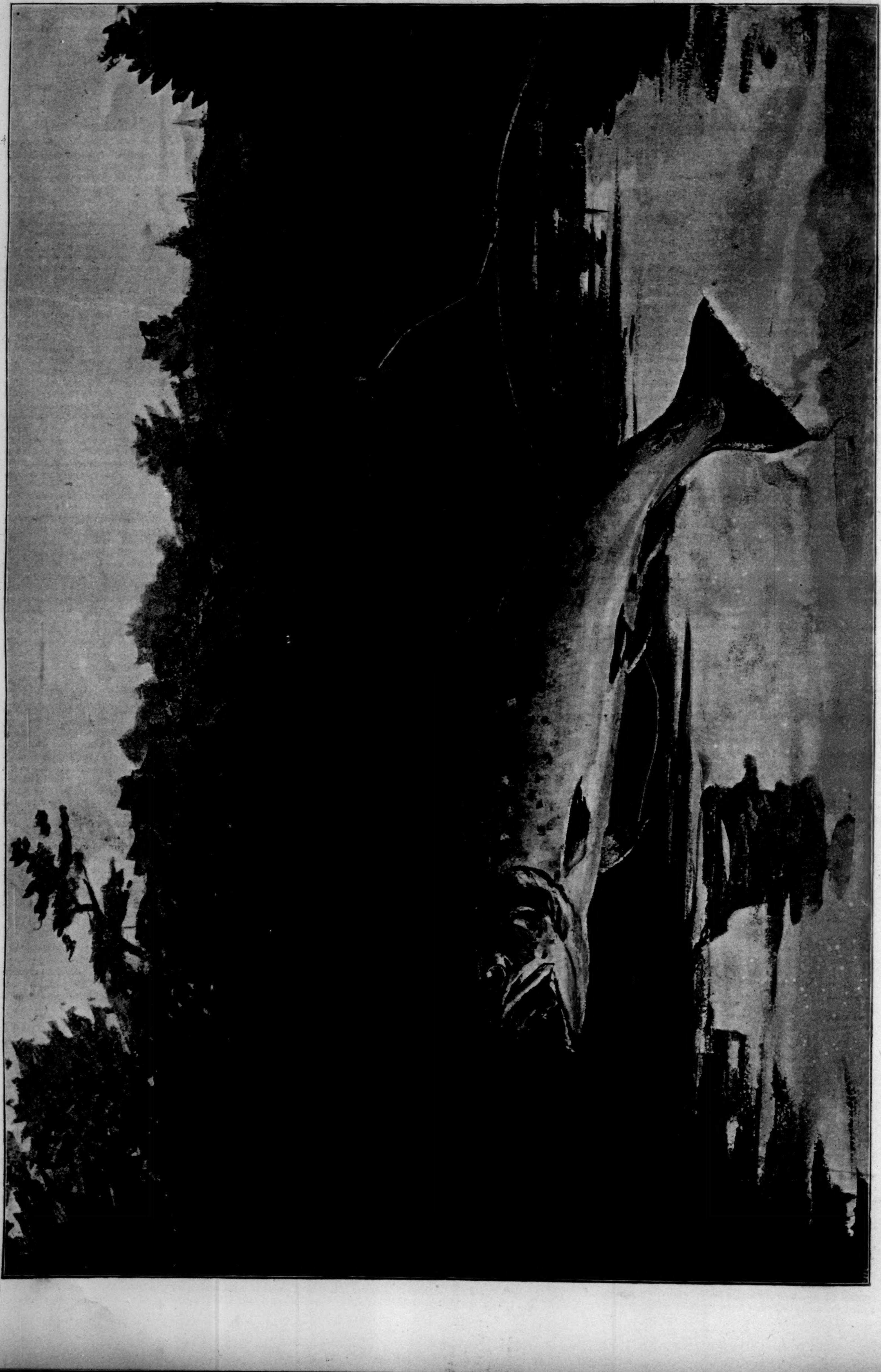
—Max Alvary, the German tenor, who left New York some time ago because the Metropolitan Opera management would not give him $600 a night, recently filled an engagement of four nights at Munich for about $60 a night.

—Queen Victoria has had to visit the sulphur baths at Aix-les-Bains to check her rheumatic troubles.

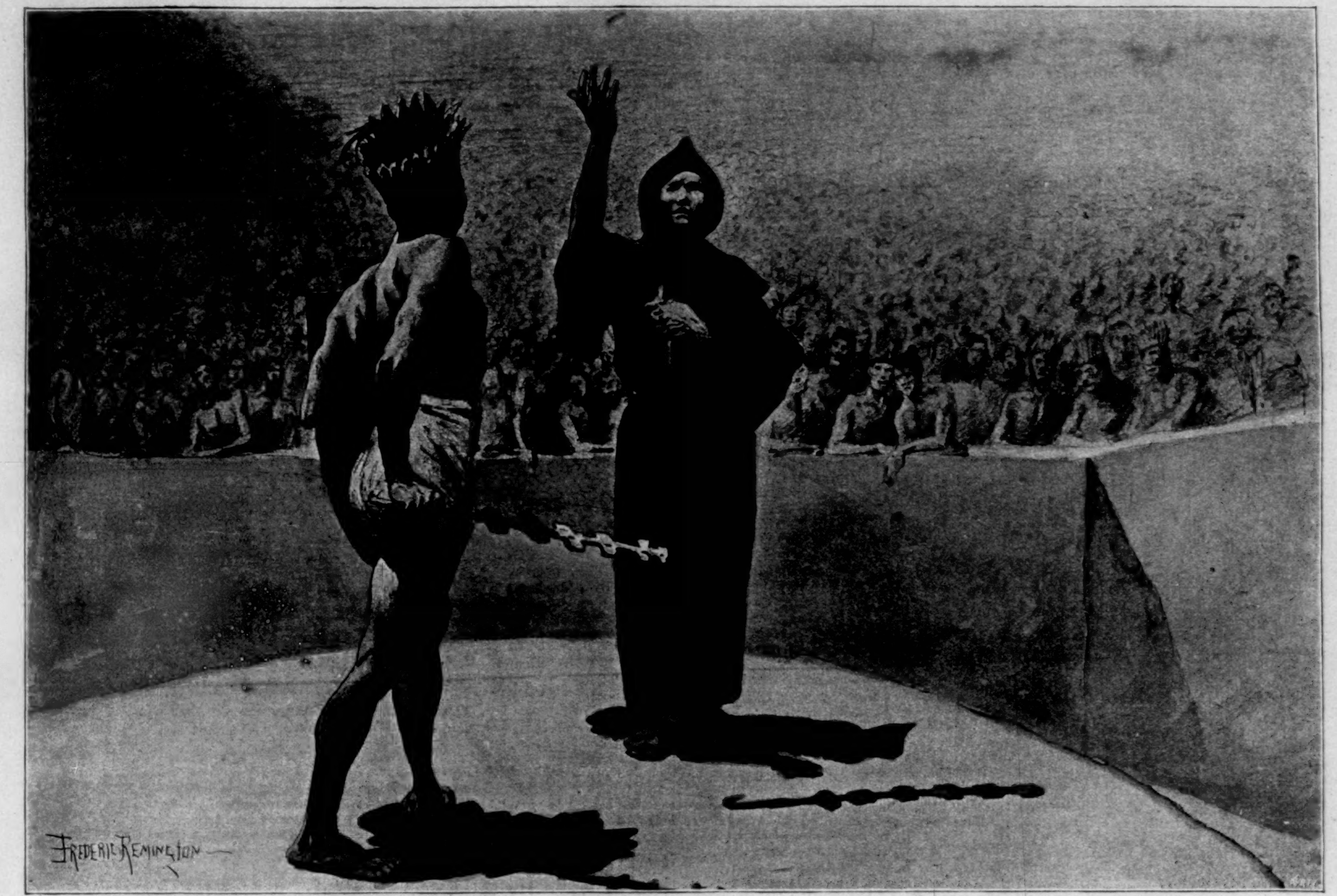
—Theodore A. Havemeyer, the millionaire sugar refiner, whose alleged association with the big trust has brought his name before the public at different times during the past year, is the Austrian Consul-General in this city, and has been for the past eighteen years. He is a son-in-law of the late Consul Ritter von Loosey, and although born in this city, was educated in Germany.

—General Jubal Early, one of the pet cavalry leaders of the Confederacy, lives well at Lynchburg on the money which he receives for lending his name to a lottery company. He has a suite of rooms, fitted up with a fine library, choice oil-paintings, and handsome steel engravings, but boards around at different restaurants, paying for his meals as he goes, and running up no bills. He has many friends, and when he entertains, does so with a free hand.

—Somehow or other, New Haven, the seat of Yalensian learning, is never said to be "painted crimson," or any corresponding shade. Yale men couldn't be guilty of such perfidy, and wouldn't permit it in others. The other day Postmaster Sperry, in a moment of aberration, had a letter box in front of the old college chapel colored red, but before the sun arose again it had become a bright blue, the night air, doubtless, having produced a chemical change. It is said that the truly loyal Yalensian will not use the new two-cent stamp, but affects two blue one-cent stamps instead.



A PERILOUS LEAP.—FROM THE PAINTING IN WATER-COLOR BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 279.]



"HIS HUGE ANTAGONIST WAS HELD STILL BY A WONDER THAT WAS BORN HALF OF ADMIRATION AND HALF OF AWE."

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.*

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

XXXIII.—IN THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

EVEN with El Sabio reduced to this condition of complete quiescence, the Aztlanecas, soldiers as well as priests, still were terribly afraid of him, being firmly convinced, as was not at all unnatural, that for the time being there was embodied in him a devil of a most dangerous sort. Therefore they were but too glad to yield to Pablo's burning eagerness to get to the poor ass; and when he called for aid to carry the exhausted creature out from the amphitheatre, and so away from among the dead and wounded and from the dreadful smell of blood, Young and I promptly were pushed forward and ordered to perform this piece of work that even the bravest of them shrunk from undertaking.

However, there was no real peril in it, for El Sabio was so weak that he could not even stand; and still less was he strong enough to kick anybody. Lifting him, in this dull limp state, and carrying him up the steep steps was heavy work for us, wounded and weary as we were; but with Pablo's help we managed it, and so got him up from the depths of the amphitheatre to its windward side—where a fresh, sweet breeze that was blowing, and some water that a soldier brought when Pablo called for it, in a little while put new life into him. Why the ass was not made to pay the penalty of his sins, by being there and then killed, at first was a good deal of a puzzle to me; but presently, from the talk that went on about us while Pablo ministered to him—and while the wounded lying around the altar were being cared for and the dead borne away—I gathered that no one dared to kill him for fear of being himself possessed by the devil that needs must enter another body upon being thus set free. And as this seemed to be a view of the case that was worth encouraging I very gravely told one of the priests that I myself had seen a man all in an instant go raving mad upon slaying one of these creatures and so letting the devil loose from him. As this story was circulated among the crowd I was glad to perceive that the dread of El Sabio obviously greatly increased.

As a result of the untoward outbreak that had occurred no attempt was made to complete the ceremonial of triumph. Indeed, the victory now lay so decidedly with El Sabio that there was but little to triumph over. Therefore we presently were herded together by a party of soldiers, who took good care that Pablo should lead the ass and that Young and I should walk directly behind him as a protection against any further uplifting of his heels—and so we all were marched once more into the temple. This time we did not stop in front of the great idol, but went on beyond it toward a portal in the rear of the building that opened on an inner court—on the farther side of which court, as we knew from the description of the place that Tizoc had given us, was the Treasure-House, in which was stored not only the treasure placed there in long past ages by King Chaltzantzin, but also the treasure belonging to the state and to the temple that had been accumulated in later times.

At the entrance to the court-yard, where the way was closed by a metal grating over which a heavy curtain hung, the soldiers formally relinquished us into the charge of a company of priests; and then the curtain was drawn aside and the grating was raised, and we passed out into the bright sunlight—and saw close before us the place which for so long a time had so largely filled our thoughts. It was a building of no great size, being but a single story high, and was dwarfed by the vastly stupendous cliffs, which so far overtopped it that they seemed to extend upward to the very sky; but it was most massively constructed, and the actual available space within it was far greater than was indicated by the relatively small dimensions of its exterior walls. When we entered the building, through a narrow opening protected by a metal grating, the chamber into which we came was of so considerable a size that a part of it, we perceived, must extend actually into the cliff; and that the work of quarrying out the living rock had been carried still further was shown by an opening at its rear end that evidently gave access to some hollow depth beyond.

It was toward this inner recess that our guards led us. Here another grating was raised that we might pass, and we went onward through a narrow passage cut in the rock, along the sides of which were many openings giving access to small cell-like rooms. Nor was this place, as we had expected to find it, wholly dark; for narrow slits had been cut through the rock out to the face of the cliff, through which came so much light that we could see about us very well. And but for that blessed light, faint though it was, I doubt not that we should have gone mad there; and even with the light to cheer and to comfort us I felt a black despair settling down upon me at the thought of being thus imprisoned within the very bowels of the mountain, with no possibility of other release than being taken thence to die.

At the extreme end of the passage the rock had been hollowed away smoothly and carefully so as to form a chamber nearly thirty feet square and at least twenty feet high, whereof all the walls were covered with plates of gold which overlapped each other in the manner of fishes' scales; and advantage had been taken of some wide crevice or deep depression in the cliff above to open in the roof of this chamber a small aperture, whence a pale light entered in long, fine rays which gleamed through the shadows and gleamed again more faintly in reflections from the golden walls. In this oratory, for such it evidently was, stood a statue—smaller than that in the temple, yet still more magnificently arrayed—of the god Huitzilopochtli; before which odious image we were thrown upon our faces by our guards. When this ceremony was ended we were led forth once more into the passage, and so into two of the little cells, which had been meagrely prepared for us by tossing into each of them a bundle of mats; and then our guards left us to shift for ourselves—shutting the grating behind them with a sharp ringing of metal on stone that echoed dismally through the rock-hewn chambers wherein we were held fast.

For a while we stood in melancholy silence about the stretcher on which poor Rayburn lay; and very pale and worn he looked after his great loss of blood and heavy fatigue and the pain and excitement of the last few hours. Pablo had taken up his quarters with El Sabio in a cell on the opposite side of the passage—for within the limits of our prison we were left to arrange ourselves as we pleased—and we could hear him talking to the ass in a fashion that at any other time we should have laughed at; for by turns he upbraided him for his rash acts, and complimented him upon his bravery, and expressed dread of the punishment that might be visited upon him, and told him of his very tender love—all of which, so far as we could judge, El Sabio took in equally good part.

"There ain't no good in standin' 'round here doin' nothin'," Young said at last. "This don't look like much of a place t' break out of, but we may as well see how things are, anyway. Th' Padre 'd better take a squint at Rayburn's busted leg an' set th' bandages straight; an', while he's attendin' t' that, you and I, Professor, can do a little prospectin'. This is th' Treasure-House, for sure; and it 'll be some satisfaction t' see what it amounts to. I'll bet a hat there ain't anything worth havin' in th' whole place, after all!"

I was glad enough to have any occupation that would change even a little the sad current of my thoughts, and I therefore very willingly acted on Young's suggestion—after first making sure that Fray Antonio had no need of help in his work of dressing Rayburn's wound; and together we set about this curious exploration, that had in it a strong charm for me, notwithstanding my heavy sorrow, because of the possibility that it opened of finding curious traces of a community so far advanced in civilization as was that which the King Chaltzantzin had brought with him into this valley a thousand years ago. Here, unquestionably, was the oldest deposit of the belongings of any of the primitive dwellers upon the American continent; and I trembled a little with excitement at the thought of what archæological treasures I here might find—and then I heaved suddenly a long sigh as I remembered how useless in my present case would be even the most brilliant of discoveries.

As for Young's bet of a hat that there was no treasure here worth having, he would have lost it, had it been accepted, at the very first of the rooms which we examined; for the whole of this room, a cube of about ten feet, was packed full of bars of hardened gold from the mine at Huitzilan. And so was the next room, and the next, until we had found five rooms thus filled. But all the remaining rooms were entirely empty; and of the treasure set aside in long-past ages by King Chaltzantzin there was no sign. Yet here, truly, was stored wealth the like of which the richest monarch in the world could not match for greatness; and as Young beheld before him such enormous riches his face grew ruddy, an eager light came into his eyes, the muscles of his throat worked convulsively, and his breathing was labored and short—until I demolished all his fine fancies at a blow by saying: "Much good this treasure is to us, when there isn't a ghost of a chance that either of us ever will get out of this valley alive!" As I uttered these bitter words his look of animation left him, and for some moments he was silent; and when at last he spoke it was in a tone of calm, though melancholy, conviction and with a most dispassionate air.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1722.

"I shall be obliged t' you, Professor, really obliged t' you," he said, "if you'll just kick me for a blasted fool. Ever since that night in Morelia when you told me an' Rayburn about this treasure I've regularly had it on my brain. Through all these months I've been thinkin' about it when I was awake an' dreamin' about it when I was asleep. An' it's true for a fact, Professor, that never until this blessed minute, when we've really struck it, has th' notion come into my fool head that when we did ketch up with it the folks it rightly b'longed to might want t' keep it for theirselves! Yes, just kick me, please. Just kick me for a forlorn, mis'rable, blasted fool!"

I was not disposed to laugh at Young's words; rather was I disposed to weep over them. For they brought freshly and strongly to my mind the fact that I was responsible for alluring him by the hope of acquiring great riches quickly into this accursed valley—where in a little while he would be most barbarously done to death. And I knew, too, that I was responsible for the like fate that must overtake Rayburn; and that in regard to Pablo my guilt was greatest of all. It was a comfort to me, truly, that not one of these ever by look or word reproached me for thus so wofully misleading them; and yet, in a certain way, their very forbearance but added to my pain.

Therefore was I a little gladdened, when we returned again to the others, to find that Fray Antonio was speaking to Rayburn with a grave, calm hopefulness of those spiritual realities which are higher and better than material realities, and without steadfast trust in which most of us, in the course of this sorrowful thing that we call life, assuredly would go mad in sheer despair. And listening to this comforting discourse, which was not checked by our return, did much to strengthen me to bear my heavy load of vain regret. And presently Fray Antonio shifted his ground—for he had the wisdom to speak but shortly on these grave topics, yet using always pregnant words which sank down into men's hearts and germinated there—and told us of what had befallen him since he had stolen away from us that night in Huitzilan.

In truth, he had but little to tell, for his adventures had been of a very simple kind. Upon his arrival in the canoe at the water-gate he had been at once recognized and admitted, and had been carried directly to the building in which, on our first coming into the city, we all had been confined. And there he had been imprisoned until he was led up to the temple to take part in the triumph that El Sabio's violence so seriously had marred—and so once more was in our company. Of the Priest Captain he had seen nothing at all; nor had any answer come back to him from that dignitary to his urgent plea that, inasmuch as he had thus surrendered himself, his companions—that is, ourselves—should be suffered to leave the valley in peace; which silence on the part of the Priest Captain was not surprising, however, in view of the brave defiance in words sent by the Tlahuicos who afterward were such cowards in deeds.

In fact, during the brief time of his imprisonment Fray Antonio had not spoken to a soul save the man who brought him drink and food. Yet his talk with this man, scant though it had been, had filled him with the hope that could he only hold free converse with the people at large, even as he had done at Huitzilan, the purpose that he had in mind in coming into the valley would be fulfilled. Although a priest of the temple, his jailer had listened with a most earnest and hearty attention to the expounding of Christian doctrine that was opened to him; and had shown a very cheering willingness to recognize the shortcomings of his own idolatrous belief as compared with the principles of this purer and nobler faith. And he had told Fray Antonio that many of his companions in the service of the temple, having heard somewhat of the new creed from those who had come up from Huitzilan, were eager to know more concerning it; so that it would seem, Fray Antonio declared, as though there were a harvest there ready to be reaped to Christianity by his hand. The case was such, he thought, that could he but speak publicly to the multitude, and especially could there but be vouchsafed from heaven some sign by which the verity of his words might be established, he yet would win to the glorious Christian faith this whole community—that, through no fault of its own, until that time had remained lost in heathen sin.

Rayburn and I exchanged glances as Fray Antonio spoke of aid being given him in his work by a sign from heaven, for to our notions the time of miracles was a long while past. But Fray Antonio, as we knew (for once or twice we three had spoken together of this matter), did not at all hold with us in believing that miracle-working had come to an end. And, indeed, his faith was entirely logical; for, as he himself put it, those who believed that miracles ever had been wrought for the advancement of Christianity could not reasonably draw a line at any year since the Christian Church was founded and say that in that year miracles ceased to be. In this matter, as in many others, the resemblance between Fray Antonio and the founder of his Order, Saint Francis of Assisi, was very strong.

Pablo's experience as a prisoner had been of a far more trying sort, for the priests had sought earnestly, he said, by most stringent means, to pervert him from Christianity to their own faith. When we had been so rudely separated that day, after our interview with the Priest Captain, he, and El Sabio with him, had been hurried up the stairs to the temple, and thence to the Treasure-House; and there, though not in the part of it in which we then were, he had been ever since confined. Strong measures certainly had been taken to make a heathen of him. He had been starved for a while, and he had been deprived of water, and he had been cruelly scourged, and very harrowing presentments had been made to him of the death that he must die should he much longer refuse to yield. That the lad had remained firm in his faith, he told us, sobbing a little at memory of his hardships, was because of the sorrow that he knew his yielding would bring upon Fray Antonio and upon me; which certainly was not the reason that Fray Antonio most would have approved, but it did not in the least detract from the steady courage that he had shown in holding out firmly under pressure that would have made many a man succumb. In all the time that so many cruelties had been practised upon him only one man had shown him kindness—an old man, who seemed to be in charge of the archives that the Treasure-House contained—who twice had risked his own life by secretly giving him water and food. But he never had been separated from El Sabio, Pablo said joyfully in conclusion; nor had his mouth-organ been taken away from him; and these blessings had done much to lessen the misery that he was compelled to bear.

When, in our turn, Rayburn and Young and I had told of the far more stirring adventures that we had passed through, and of our high hopes seemingly so well founded that had suffered so dismal a downfall, we all of us wisely refrained from speculating at all upon the future; instead of which profitless and painful topic we strove to speak cheerfully of indifferent matters—and this we did not only that we might the better keep our hearts up, but that we might not excite Rayburn, who already was in a dangerously feverish condition by reason of his wound. But, though we spoke not of it, we none of us doubted what our fate would be, nor did we imagine that the death that surely awaited us would be long delayed.

It was a source of wonder to us, therefore, that day after day went by without bringing the end that we so confidently expected. From the man who brought us our food we could learn nothing; but this was not from ill-will on his part, but because he himself knew nothing of the Priest Captain's plans. This man, though a priest, was not unkindly disposed toward us, and he even listened to the words which Fray Antonio addressed to him touching Christian doctrine: but while he listened—being made of a sterner stuff than the priest who previously had been Fray Antonio's jailer—he gave no sign of assent. The only other person whom we had a chance to speak with, and this but rarely, was the old man who had shown kindness to Pablo, the guardian of the archives—who, by right of his official position, had free access to that portion of the Treasure-House from which the second grating cut us off. At the grating he and I had some very interesting conversations together upon archæological matters; but Fray Antonio took but little interest in him when he found how slight was the impression made upon him by the most serious of doctrinal talk. In truth, this old fellow—wherefor my own heart warmed to him—was wholly given to the study of antiquities; and so full was his mind of this delightful subject that there was no room left in it for thoughts about religions of any sort. He was entirely catholic in this matter, for his unconcern respecting Christianity was neither more marked nor less marked than was his unconcern toward his own avowed faith.

Many curious things this old man told me touching the history of his people; and he showed me, also, the manner in which their annals were kept: an obvious evolution from the picture-writing of the Aztecs, that had advanced to a stage closely resembling the cross between ideographs and an alphabet that the Coreans use—all of which I have dealt with exhaustively in my larger work. And he told me also, with a wonder that did not seem uncalled for, that several times in each year the Priest Captain retired to the very place in which we then were imprisoned, and remained there sometimes for as much as a whole month, cut off from his people, without food or drink, while he communed with the gods.

But what seemed strange to me, and also bitterly disheartening, was that this old man—notwithstanding the office that he held and his hungry love for ancient things—could tell me nothing of the treasure that King Chaltzantzin had stored away. He knew of this treasure, he said, only as a vague tradition; and although, at one time or another, he had explored every chamber in the Treasure-House he never had found of this ancient deposit the smallest trace: for which excellent reason he had concluded that, if ever there had been such a treasure, it long since had been dispersed. No doubt—considering how useless to me, beyond the mere gratification of my own curiosity, would have been its discovery—my regret at this abrupt ending of my hopes was most unreasonable; but I confess that, so far as I myself was concerned, the very keenest pang of sorrow that I suffered through all that sorrowful time was when I thus learned that the archæological search that I had entered upon so hopefully, and that I had so laboriously prosecuted, had been but a fool's errand from first to last.

XXXIV.—A MARTYRDOM.

Heavily and wearily the days dragged on as we lay in that dismal prison hewn from the mountain's heart; and as they slowly vanished there stole upon us a new sorrow that was deeper and more searching than the doubting dread by which we were beset touching the cruel ending of our lives.

Rayburn's wound, a very savage cut in the thigh made by the jagged edge of a maccuahuitl, from the first had been a dangerous one; and the danger had been aggravated by inflammation that had followed that long, hot journey across the lake, and by the rough handling that his bearers had given him, and by the excitement that had attended El Sabio's fiery outburst beside the sacrificial stone. Even Fray Antonio's skill in surgery—without which he assuredly would have quickly died—only barely sufficed to keep him alive while the fever was upon him; and when at last the fever left him the little strength remaining to him grew less with every passing day. It was pathetic to see this man, who until then had been the very embodiment of rugged vigor, so worn with suffering that without Fray Antonio's tender assistance he scarce could move; and still more pathetic was it to hear him moaning in his pain and uttering heart-sick longings for sunlight and fresh air—for need of which, Fray Antonio affirmed, he was dying there quite as much as because of his wound. Indeed, the chill chamber in the rock where he was lying was no fit place even for a well man at that time to dwell in; for the season of rains had come and all the nights were cold and damp, while through the afternoons and in the night-time, during which portions of the day the rain fell in torrents, the whole mountain was shaken by the tremendous peals of thunder which roared and crashed about its crest.

It was after one of poor Rayburn's pitiable outbreaks of weak moaning that Young led me away into the oratory with the evident intention of delivering himself of some matter that pressed heavily upon his mind.

"See here, Professor, I just *can't* stand this any longer," he said, when we were alone. "I'm goin' t' send word t' th' Priest Captain t' ask him if finishin' me off in short order won't make him willin' t' let Rayburn out o' this damp hole into some place where he can be comfortable, an' where in th' mornin's he can get some sun an' air. Rayburn won't mind bein' squarely killed after he's healthy again. He ain't th' kind t' be afraid of anything when he's feelin' all right. But it's just infernal cruelty t' kill him this way—it wouldn't be fair to a dog. So I'm goin' t' try what I can do. It's nothin' much t' do, anyway—only runnin' a little ahead o' th' schedule, that's all."

Oddly enough, something of a like purpose had been for some time past slowly forming in my own mind—though what I intended to do would have, I hoped, still better consequences. For my notion was to urge that for the pleasure that could be had from killing me my companions should be given such freedom as was to be found in that rock-bound region beyond the Barred Pass. Therefore, when Young thus brought up the matter openly between us, I told him of my own intention; and with some emphasis I advised him that, inasmuch as I first had thought of it, to me belonged the right to carry this project into execution; and especially was this right mine, I urged, because but for me neither he nor any of the rest of us—saving only, possibly, Fray Antonio—ever would have come into that valley at all. Thereupon we fell to wrangling somewhat hotly; for Young was a most pig-headed man when his mind was set upon anything, and his notions of argument even at the best of times were of the loosest kind.

How our talk might have ended I cannot tell, for each of us most resolutely was determined to have his own way; but it actually did end because of an interruption by which we presently learned that a will finer and stronger than either of ours had been acting, while we had been only thinking, in a fashion that cut the ground completely from under us both. And all that followed within the next hour or two came upon us with so startling a suddenness that it seemed less like reality than like a terrible dream.

The first intimation that we had that anything was upon us out of the common run of our drearily dull prison life was hearing a creaking noise that we knew must be caused by the raising of the grating that shut us in; and as we hurried out from the oratory into the long passageway we saw a company of soldiers coming toward us, at the head of which was a priest. Fray Antonio and Pablo, startled as we had been by the sound caused by the opening of the grating and the tramp of feet, also had come out into the passage; but while Pablo evidently was wondering, even as we were wondering, what might be the purpose that these men had come to execute, the look upon the monk's face was of expectation rather than of surprise. And without waiting for the others to speak he asked eagerly: "Is it to be?"

"It is to be," the priest answered; and it seemed to me that there was sorrow in the look that went with his words and sorrow also in the tone of his voice: and that this man truly was sorrowful because of the message that he brought I doubt not, for he was the priest who had been jailer to Fray Antonio and whose mind had seemed so open to receive the doctrine that Fray Antonio taught.

But there was only joy in the bearing of the monk as his question thus was answered; and there was a ringing gladness in his voice as he replied—being most careful first to draw us away from the room in which Rayburn was lying—to our looks of wondering inquiry. "The Priest Captain has granted my request," he said; and added quickly: "Do not sorrow for me, my friends. Dying for the Faith is the most glorious ending that life can have; and happier still is he to whom, with this rare privilege, is given also that of dying that those whom he loves may yet be saved alive. The Priest Captain has promised that when I have paid this little debt of life, you, whom I love so greatly, shall go free—"

"Don't you believe him! He's a blasted liar from the word go!" Young struck in—clean forgetting, in the passionate sorrow that was rising in his breast, that what Fray Antonio so plainly had in mind to do, he himself had been most strongly bent upon doing but a moment before. But Young spoke in English, and without heeding him Fray Antonio went on: "You two, and the boy, surely will live; and perhaps life may be given also to our friend. He is in God's hands. And then, until—"

But further speech was not permitted to him. Two soldiers stepped forward and grasped his arms, yet first suffering him for a moment to clasp hands with us, and so led him toward the open grating; and behind him Young and I and Pablo were conducted in a like fashion by the guards. As we passed the room in which Rayburn lay we heard him moaning faintly; and so weak was he that day that it seemed to me a very likely thing for us to find him dead there upon our return—if, indeed, we ever returned at all.

As we passed out into the inner court of the temple, where the sun shone joyously—for the day still was young, and the rain clouds had but begun to gather about the mountain-peaks—we heard a murmur in the air like the distant sound of bees buzzing; and as we entered the rear portal of the temple this sound grew louder, yet still was soft and blurred. In the temple Fray Antonio was separated from us, being led toward the inner entrance of that subterranean passage which opened into the pit of the amphitheatre; and as we went onward toward the great portal in the temple's front we cast toward him sorrowful looks in which all the bitter pain that was in our hearts was concentrated, but had in answer from him, as he walked with elate bearing between his guards, only looks of most joyful hope, in which was also a very tender love.

The noise that at first had seemed to us like bees buzzing grew louder as we advanced, until, when we came out upon the open space before the temple, it swelled into a mighty roar. And there the cause of it was plain to us; for before us lay the great amphitheatre crowded with a seething multitude, and all the thousands gathered there were uttering savage cries of delight at thought of the savage spectacle that now in a few moments would gladden their fierce hearts. In the midst of this tumult we were hurried into a sort of balcony, heavily built of stone, that hung upon the slope of the amphitheatre; just behind and above which was a much larger balcony of richly wrought stone-work that was covered by a canopy of colored stuffs, and that had in its midst a sort of throne. And at sight of us a great shout went up—that in a moment died away into a hush of silence as the Priest Captain, with a company of priests about him, entered the balcony behind us and took his seat upon the throne.

But in another instant the shouting burst forth again—as Fray Antonio came out from the passage that opened beneath us, and in a moment was lifted bodily by his guards and placed upon the Stone of Sacrifice in plain view of all. I wondered as I saw that only soldiers accompanied him, and that there was no sign of the coming of the priests by whom the sacrifice would be made. But my wonder ceased, and the burning pain that then consumed me was a little lessened, as there came forth from the underground passage, guarded by four soldiers, an Indian of enormous stature, whose muscles stood out in great knots upon his lithe body and legs and arms, and immediately following him six others no less huge and strong—for then I knew that Fray Antonio was not to die the tortured death of a sacrificial victim, but was to have, in accordance with the Aztec custom, such chance of life as was to be found in fighting these seven men in turn, and receiving his freedom when he had slain them all. Yet as I looked at the slim figure of the monk, and then at these burly giants ready to be pitted against him, I knew that but one result could issue from that unequal combat; and a sudden dizziness came upon me, and for a moment all around me was dark. Nor was this momentary darkness wholly imaginary; for just then—with a low growl of distant thunder—a fragment broke away from the great mass of black cloud that hung upon the crest of the cliff above us and drifted sluggishly across the face of the sun.

When my dizziness had passed, and I could again see clearly, the warrior was standing—naked save for his breech-clout, and armed with a round shield and a maccuahuitl of hardened gold—upon the Stone of Sacrifice. The monk still wore his flowing habit, whence the hood had fallen back so that his head was bare; in one hand he held his crucifix, and with the other he was motioning away the sword and shield that a soldier held out to him. at sight of which refusal on his part to be armed there was a shrill outcry among the multitude that the fight would not be fair; and to this sharp noise of strident voices there was added a solemn undertone that came in a low roll of thunder from the overhanging cloud.

As though to still the clamor, the monk waved his hand; and when at this sign the outcries ceased, he asked—yet addressing not the Priest Captain but the whole mass of people gathered there—if certain words which he desired to utter would be heard. And in answer to him there went up a shout of assent in which was drowned completely (save that we, being close beneath him, heard it) the Priest Captain's order that the fight should begin. And it struck me that the Priest Captain showed his appreciation of the critical situation with which he was then dealing, and his dread of the forces which an ill-timed word in opposition to the will of the multitude might let loose against him, by refraining from repeating his order when silence came again and all the thousands gathered there leaned forward eagerly to hearken to what Fray Antonio would say.

And what he did say was the most moving and the most exalted deliverance that ever came forth from mortal man. To that great multitude he preached there shortly, but with an eloquence that I doubt not was born directly of heavenly inspiration, a sermon so searching, so full of God's great love and tenderness, and so full also of the majesty of His law and of the long-suffering of His mercy and loving-kindness, that every word of it falling from his lips seemed to burn into the depths of all those heathen hearts. My own heart was thrilled and shaken as it never had been stirred before, and the boy Pablo wept as he listened, and even Young, to whom the spoken words had no meaning, grew pale and sweat gathered upon his forehead as his soul was moved within him by the infinitely beseeching tenderness of Fray Antonio's voice. For most wonderfully did his voice rise and fall in its cadenced sweetness and entreaty, and there was a strangely vibrant quality in his tones that matched the tenor of his words and so held all that vast multitude spellbound.

As he spoke on, a hush fell upon them who listened; and then through the throng a tremor seemed to run, but less a sound of actual speech than a subtle manifestation that in a moment a great outburst of assent would come—and I felt within me that the work which Fray Antonio had dared death to accomplish already was triumphantly concluded; and so waited, breathless, to hear this heathen host proclaim its glad allegiance to the Christian God.

But the Priest Captain also perceived how imminent was the danger that menaced the ancient faith, and dared to take the one chance left for saving it, and that a desperate one, by breaking in upon Fray Antonio's discourse with a ringing order that the fight should be no longer delayed—whereat a deep growl of dissent ran through the crowd, that was echoed in a still deeper roar of thunder in the dark sky. In truth, the gathering of the storm in the heavens above seemed to be wholly in keeping with the storm that with an equal celerity was gathering on the earth below. There was a heavy languor, a dense stillness in the air, and the cloud above us had drifted out from the face of the cliff so far that it now hung over all the city like a vast black canopy. From this sombre mass, that buried all beneath it in gloomy shadows, flashes of lightning shot forth that each moment increased in fiery intensity, and the rolling roar of thunder each moment grew louder and sharper in its dark depths. Even as the Priest Captain spoke there came a yet more vivid flash, and almost with it a crashing peal.

At the word of command, so vehemently given, the warrior faced about upon Fray Antonio and held high aloft his sword; but the monk, firmly standing there, while in his eyes shone so glorious a light that it seemed as though the wrath of outraged Heaven blazed forth from them, opposed to this earthly weapon only his outstretched crucifix: and so confronted the death that menaced him with so splendid a bravery that for an instant his huge antagonist was held still by a wonder that was born half of admiration and half of awe. And in the breathless hush of that supreme moment Fray Antonio cried out in tones so clear and so ringing that his words were heard by all the thousands gathered there:

"I call for help upon the living and the only God!"

And even as these words still sounded in our ears there shot forth from the cloud above us a swift red flash of blinding light, and with this came a crash of thunder so mighty that the cliffs above strained and quivered, and great fragments of rock came hurtling down from them, and a shivering trembling surged through the whole mountain so that we felt it swaying beneath our feet.

And as we gazed in awe, through the gloom that from all parts of the heavens was gathering toward the height whereon we were, we saw before us God's wrath made manifest: for the warrior, still holding raised the metal sword that had tempted death to him, trembled, reeled a little, swayed gently forward, and then with a sudden jerk swayed backward again, and so fell lifeless—his bare right arm, and all the length of his naked body to his very heel, marked by a livid streak of bloody purple that showed where the thunder-bolt had passed. For a moment the monk also seemed stunned; and then, kneeling beside that lightning-blasted corpse and holding his hands outstretched toward heaven whence his deliverance had come, he cried in a clear strong voice, of which the solemn tones rang vibrant through that awful silence: "The Christian God liveth and reigneth! Believe on Him whose love and whose mercy are not less tender than is terrible His transcendent power!"

There was no mistaking the thrill of movement that ran through the multitude as these words were spoken. I drew a long breath of thankfulness; for I felt that Fray Antonio was saved, and that in another instant my ears would be nigh burst by the thunderous roar of all those thousands—won to him by his own most moving eloquence, and by sight of the miracle whereby his deliverance had been wrought—that he should be set free.

And in this instant—in the very moment that this sigh escaped me, while yet the pause lasted before that great shout came—the Priest Captain sprang from his seat above us into the balcony where we prisoners stood guarded; on downward into the arena below, and thence upon the Stone of Sacrifice—all with a demoniac agility most horrible to look upon in one of his withered age—and there, with a fierce thrust of a spear that he had caught from a soldier's hand in passing, he pierced Fray Antonio betwixt the shoulders straight through the heart: and the monk, still grasping in his hands his crucifix, fell face downward upon the Stone of Sacrifice and lay there dead.

Then Itzacoatl, standing with one foot upon the monk's dead body, and grasping still the spear that he had planted in that noble heart, cried out triumphantly: "Behold the victory and the vengeance of our Aztec gods!"

And the multitude, swayed backward from the very threshold of the Christian faith, shouted together in one mighty voice: "Victory and vengeance for our gods!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PHILADELPHIA ARCHITECTURE.

THE new ideas in architecture have nowhere wrought more surprising changes than in Philadelphia. There was great scope for the renaissance there, no doubt, for the Quaker City retained the old-fashioned styles longer than most of our large communities did. But the growth—starting with the Centennial, greatly helped by the example of the palatial City Hall, and fostered by a group of earnest and ambitious art architects hardly to be surpassed on either side of the Atlantic—has been striking and unmistakable.

The number, variety, and impressiveness of the recently erected office and corporate buildings in our neighboring city unfailingly arrest the attention of the visitor. Such splendid edifices—to name but a few—as the Drexel, Bulletin, and Brown buildings, the Union Trust Company's building, and the offices of the Pennsylvania, Girard, and Penn Mutual Insurance companies, may not altogether surpass similar enterprises in New York and Chicago, but are fully equal to the best. The City Hall is one of the greatest buildings in the country, and possibly the Drexel Building surpasses all structures of its order anywhere. Great is the elevator! Architects and capitalists plume themselves too much, perhaps. It is, after all, the elevator that has made these immense congeries of rooms on twelve and fifteen stories possible.

The present purpose, however, is to speak of some features of the residential architecture of the sister city, for which purpose there is herewith offered a set of pictures of modern representative dwellings, which will be certain to arrest the notice of readers of taste. Speaking generally, anything more unlike the typical Philadelphia house—that hard-featured, monotonous structure which for years has been the butt of native and foreign humorists, and which, it has to be said, very largely deserved all the humorously severe things said about it—than these elegant and unconventional dwellings can hardly be imagined. This showing is more like the grace and lightness of Paris than it is like the featureless thing which most of us carry in mind as characteristic of Philadelphia life.

The change is indeed startling, and it has come about through the evolution of the architect. In other days the "builder" and carpenter put up the Philadelphia house. There was one single plan, and we know too well what it was. There was never but the one question of size to be considered; otherwise the houses were all alike; no designs nor plans were called for, and any "builder" thought himself, and in effect found himself, competent to do everything that was necessary. Now, even in the most modest residences, an effort is made through the influence of trained taste to secure the element of unlikeness, that important factor in the beauty and interest of a city picture.

In the accompanying illustrations this supposition is fully sustained. They give, to be sure, an imperfect idea of the extent of the change. nor, on the other hand, must the reader lean too confidingly upon them. There are many square miles covered with the regulation red bricks with marble stoops and trimmings, with the cavernous and wasteful "entry," and all the other conveniences of the era of the Revolution; but the real point is that the new houses are not of that type, whether they are dwellings of people of wealth or the homes of mechanics and artisans, for which the Quaker City is famous. The old houses live their life, but when their time comes to go, that is indeed the last of them; they know no resurrection. A good example in the median line of these improvements is seen in the Chestnut Street group shown herewith. This is not a set of highly valuable detached residences, but a row of houses not for working-people, it is true, yet not of the order of Walnut and Broad street improvements. It might be called a fair illustration of middle-class life. And Philadelphia is full of that kind of spirit at present, and of the energy shown in the beautifying of the suburbs as seen in the cut of a house on Chester Avenue.

As some readers may be aware, the original plan of Philadelphia included the setting apart for public uses of various large plots of ground called "squares." As giving a pleasant sense of openness, these neighborhoods were early appropriated by the wealthier people, who built, however, in the regulation method. Now there are signs in plenty that these exceptional sites are being held at their true value. The down-town "squares" are irreclaimable, through the encroachments of business, etc.; but in the west a fine spirit of improvement prevails. Attention need hardly be directed to the fine location and beautiful effect of the house of Mrs. Colonel Thomas A. Scott, on Rittenhouse Square, an ideal of a city home.

Two of these houses—the mansion of Mr. George R. Preston, at the corner of Twenty-second and Walnut streets, and the dwelling of Mr. William B. Kempton, on Walnut Street above Twenty-second Street—well demonstrate the development of the west end. These houses are perhaps rather exceptional, but mainly in size; that part of the city is as full of these artistic structures as the portion a mile further to the east is of the straight brick fronts and white stoops and shutters. The change has been rapid, but insidious too; before people could turn themselves it seemed that the whole face of things was altered. Both of these Walnut Street properties are admirable specimens of domestic architecture. The smaller of the two (Mr. Kempton's) is of a lovely light sandstone; Mr. Preston's is of brown-stone and terra cotta, and the striking boldness of the design and the wealth of ornamentation compel the admiration of every visitor. A feature of the Preston house is the superb square hall into which the main street door opens. The architects of these beautiful houses, as of Mrs. Colonel Scott's house, are Messrs. Furness, Evans, & Co.

The most significant, however, of all the recent domestic building improvements in Philadelphia, or as it might be fair to say, the most significant ever undertaken, since it is beyond dispute the most splendid and expensive private house ever erected in the city, is the residence of Mr. P. A. B. Widener, at Broad Street and Girard Avenue, to which two of the accompanying illustrations are devoted. Mr. Widener is the Philadelphia street-car magnate, and has lately also laid a threatening hand on some thoroughfares of the metropolis. He is the head of the famous Cable Traction Company, and having gathered a fortune from the streets of Philadelphia, he may have considered it a fair thing to devote part of the money to permanently beautifying two of its leading thoroughfares. Whether or not he thought the matter out to this extent, it is on record that he gave designers, decorators, and all concerned *carte blanche* in the construction of this splendid house, which it is believed is not surpassed in sumptuousness and convenience by any building of the kind—by which we mean erected by and for the use of a private individual—in the world.

The Widener house is fifty-eight feet wide and 144 feet deep. It has four main stories, besides a basement almost on the surface, and a gable story. The exterior is of brown-stone, a material not as high in favor generally among our neighbors on the Delaware as it is with us, but which Broad Street people seem to affect more than denizens of some other sections do. The proportions of the house are liberal in the extreme. There is a height in the first story of twenty feet, in the second of fifteen, in the third of thirteen, in the fourth of twelve; the halls are fifteen feet wide; the dining-room, and sitting-room above it, are thirty-six feet square; the parlor is twenty-six by fifty-four feet; the novel porch in the second story over the main entrance is set back ten feet from the front line. These figures will give an idea of the stateliness and generosity of the design. Nothing is skimped or made light of. The house sets well back from the street, and the whole effect—the location being very high, and the thoroughfares there crossing being of unusual width—is one of satisfying richness and completeness.

Much might be said of the interior arrangements, the frescoing, etc., of the Widener mansion, but those matters do not come within the scope of this article. As we said at the outset, the reader must take the few pictures and the slight amount of accompanying text as a hint only—an indication of what Philadelphia has done and is constantly doing in the beautifying of its streets and for the comfort of its citizens of all classes. To this end we have chosen some effective examples, but the subject cannot be fully realized without a leisurely pilgrimage through the streets of our sister city. We must not close without giving credit to Mr. Willis G. Hale, the architect of the Widener mansion. Every one who has seen this beautiful and practical design, and whose judgment is of value, has pronounced it a true work of art.

TROUT ON THE FULL JUMP.

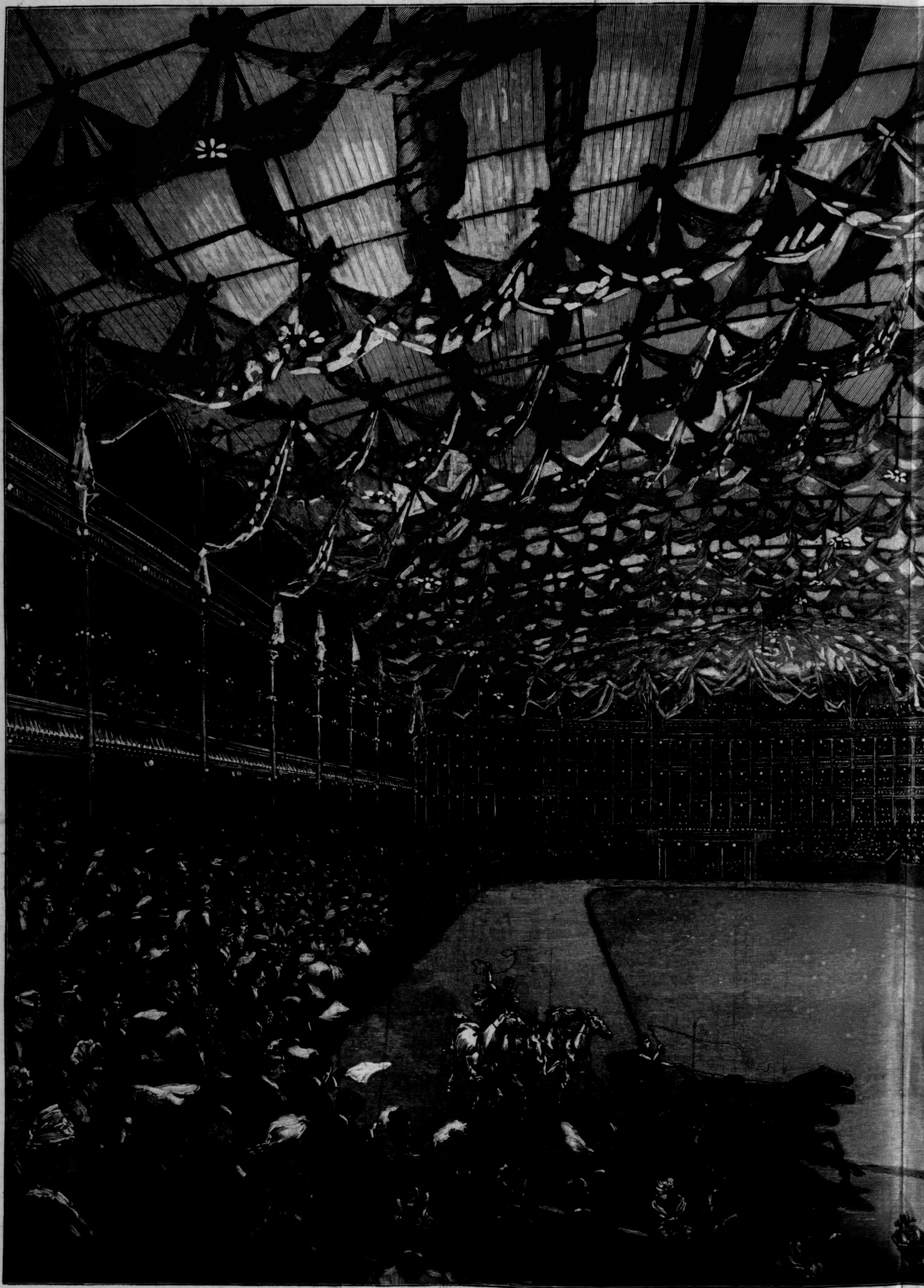
WHEN you study the name of one of our native fish, the blue-fish, you know him as *Pomatus saltatrix*, because he is saltatorious. In pursuit of his prey, to swim as fast as a flash flies is not sufficient. He hurls himself clear out of the water when chasing the menhaden. All the *Salmonidæ* have the same habit of jumping; but they spring clear of the water, in some cases for feeding purposes, but as often as not to clear obstacles, such as falls, when ascending the streams in order to spawn. When it is remembered that the leaping salmon has to overcome the resistance of the current of water, the wonderful muscular power of the fish can be appreciated. Careful observations made by experts, by means of graduated stakes set in the water, show that an adult salmon can make a perpendicular leap of not less than sixteen feet. It must be, too, a clean jump, the fish taking the downward plunge, with his head entering the water first; otherwise he would be carried back to his point of departure—to the fall he had started from.

What is the height of the jump made by the brook trout has not been so closely determined; that would depend on his size. The one-pound fish would not make the same spring as a bigger fish. Anglers vary as to the measurement of the jump of Salvelinus, but from a fair amount of testimony it looks as if from half to three-quarters of a foot was the limit. A very hungry brook trout, intent on securing a high-flying insect, might jump more than the three-quarters of the foot. Taking, however, comparison of size as between the one-pound trout and the forty-pound salmon, Salvelinus cuts quite a caper.

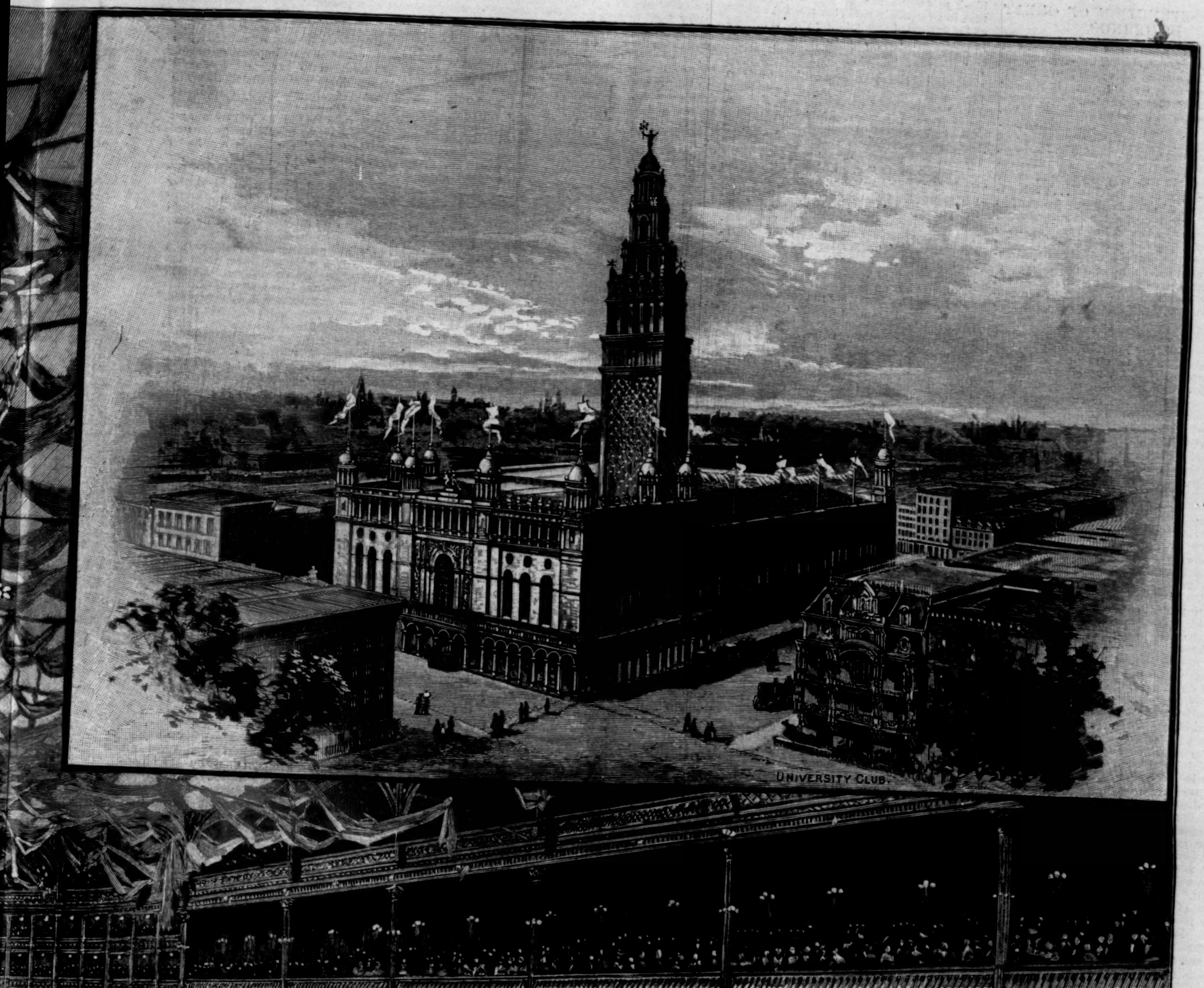
The broad muscular tail seems in a measure to give the trout his impetus. Apart from any notions derived from the beautiful color of the fish, the trout, in consideration of his size, is one of the strongest of fish. He is decidedly carnivorous, and following the order of nature, he is bold, strong, and aggressive. There have been some nice discussions as to whether the trout does not sometimes strike a May-fly with his tail, and so capture him; but the general opinion is that he goes straight with his mouth for his prey. No matter how he does it, he rarely misses the object he springs for. That bulldog head of his, armed with the sharp teeth, closes with a sharp snap, and the May-fly is no more. Taking advantage of this habit, we construct flies out of feathers, with the cruel hook concealed, and by means of gossamer lines we whip the streams, and so Salvelinus goes into the creel.

So far, only the naturalistic conditions of the trout have been discussed. The æsthetic aspects of the fish are endless. You may see his beauty rather in the broader expanse of water, as in the New England or New York lakes, than in the brawling streams. The rush and even the whimper of the brook distract attention. It is of evenings, just as the sun is setting and the breeze ruffles the lake, that trout are prone to jump. Perhaps the coming obscurity causes insects to move less rapidly. Now comes the fitting opportunity for the trout. From the mirrored surface of the lake out flashes ingots of silver, and suddenly they take the golden reflections of the setting sun, and are bedecked with jewel. They blaze with emerald and ruby tintings. Here, there, everywhere, the trout are springing; near the lily-pads, and away out, far from the shore, and the little splashings and gurglings of the water are musical. You cannot fail seeing these airy prismatic forms describing their arches in the air, and hearing the cadences their actions set, as it were, in harmonics.

You are not prone then to take heed of how many inches trout can jump. Scientific considerations are chased away by the poetry of the lake and the many mysteries found there. Mr. Homer Winslow catches trout, and so seizes just that inspiration. A jumping trout imprints on an artist's brain a passing episode, a tiny rainbow, that comes and goes within a brief second of time.



THE NEW MADISON SQUARE GARDEN BUILDING, IN COURSE


UNIVERSITY CLUB.

OF CONSTRUCTION.—Drawn by Hawley and Snyder.—[See Page 282.]

THE CONSTRUCTION OF GREAT BUILDINGS.

THE man of middle age who, glancing at the upper story of an old-fashioned house, sees what was his nursery converted into a paper-box factory, feels true distress. It is mock sentimentality that sheds tears because an ugly, uncomfortable, and unwholesome structure, used as a place of business, has had substituted for it a handsome, commodious, and well-ventilated building. There was Telson's Bank in Temple Bar, as Charles Dickens described it: "It was very small, very dark, very ugly, very incommodious.... The partners were proud of its smallness, proud of its darkness, proud of its incommodiousness. They were even boastful of its eminence in these particulars, and were fired with the express conviction that if it were less objectionable it would be less respectable."

The prosperity of a great city is shown not alone by its constructive, but by its reconstructive capabilities, and between the two qualifying terms there are differences not often appreciated. Manufacturing necessities may make New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, take plots of new ground and cover them with factories. A teeming population finds homes in houses occupying land never built over before. But the commercial expansion of a big city of a certain age will not permit of particular extensions beyond rigorously prescribed localities. You must erect your banking house in New York somewhere within the shadow of Trinity Church, and should your leather business expand, you stick to your last, which is to be found in the Swamp. Every great centre of population, be it in England, France, or America, tends toward the massing of business in certain quarters. It is all well enough to admire the old marts of the Hanseatic League in Lübeck, Freiberg, Hamburg. They are to-day the records in stone and brick of a past greatness. They point to decadence, not progress. Spaces given to trade, thought sufficient by our fathers, are not satisfactory to us their sons. It would be silly to deprecate their ability or their foresight, but our old merchants never could have imagined the vast expansion of business which was to come. Where they settled down for trade we must stay, do the best we can, and so within narrowly prescribed boundaries the particular trade must be carried on. We can dig into the earth, but cannot work or live in vaults, and so upward we take our spring, and build toward the sky.

The duration of life of a house in the older business portion of New York city has been heretofore brief. In a former article ("Fire-Insurance and Life-Saving," HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 2, 1889) what are the chances of destruction by fire was shown, and the number of houses doomed to be burnt in New York was demonstrated to be surprisingly large. The fire of 1835 swept away 648 houses. At once they were rebuilt. But barely had 1855 come before many of these newly constructed houses were remodelled or pulled down and rebuilt. It would be a mistake, however, to assume that there are epidemics of demolition and reconstruction in New York because there is more of it done than in any other city in the United States. The rationale of it is that there is greater necessity for it. To patch up, to alter a building can only be carried out as a makeshift. Down goes an old building, up springs the new one, and the final construction, with its thirteen stories, will hold from six to eight times, often twelve times, as many occupants as it contained formerly. It is filled up at the expense of one or more houses in the immediate neighborhood. Then owners of other incommodious structures in their turn demolish and reconstruct, and so we may be pretty certain that one radical change in a neighborhood is certain to be followed up by the refurbishing of the entire quarter.

In this article the locality selected as a type of New York demolition and reconstruction was not built over for many years after Peter Minuit's wholesale purchase. Prior to the Revolution what is known as the Madison Square Garden was a part of the Rose Hill Farm. There might have been other fields of that farm better adapted to flower culture or cabbage growing than the area now covered by the Madison Square Garden, because throughout the entire ground there crop up rocky spines. This plot, with its front on Madison Avenue, its back on Fourth Avenue, and bounded on its longer sides by Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh streets, was once occupied by small houses. They were all brushed aside, and a railway depot took their places. In time the railway depot gave way to the Madison Square Garden, a patched-up structure, where peripatetic circuses found lodgment, and horse and dog shows, pedestrian and fistic exhibitions, took place. It was an unsightly building, never safe, but having great area. To find near the centre of New York a plot of ground 425 feet by 200, was to invite the destruction of the ramshackle structure which stood there. The rationale of the obliteration of the old place and the rearing up of the edifices now building there is about as follows.

Informed of the wishes of owners of the property, architects devise plans and submit them. Between the presentation and acceptance of the entire plan of a building of any importance a certain period of time elapses. New contingencies are always presenting themselves. Questions of taste other than those emanating from the architect often block progress. It may be generally stated that, in an æsthetic sense, the architect, as far as the outside of any building goes, is always in the right, employers in the wrong. Money considerations must, however, limit architectural aspirations. The ornamentation of a façade may cost an extra $25,000, and an employer would rather save that sum, which would only please the eye, and expend it on interior comforts. A perfect style in architectural design being nothing less than a harmonious whole, if anything be taken away from it or altered, then other changes must follow. Endless then is the work of the architect before his plans meet the approval of the man or men who hold the purse. At last exterior view, interior plans, with estimate of cost, are presented. The final objection having been removed, the entire plan submitted by the architects—in the present instance that of Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White—is accepted.

Nobody but an architect or a builder can appreciate how heavy are the responsibilities assumed. As Madison Square Garden is to have the special character of concentrating there various buildings devoted to public amusement, the day will certainly come when at the same hour 15,000 people will congregate there. Think of this tonnage of humanity, and the risk of disturbances arising, putting aside those due to any unforeseen calamity! Considerations based on the safety of the occupants of such a series of buildings keep a conscientious architect awake of nights. A builder worthy of the name is fully aware of the risks, and his anxieties are constant. It is not the question of how many pounds a wrought-iron girder will carry—this can be found in the books—but much depends on the exact proportions, adjustment of the parts, and the putting of them in place. The builder cannot read this in print. He must see to it all with his own eyes. Calculations, endless ones, having to do with expansion and contraction of materials must be made. Then there are puzzles as intricate as Chinese ones to be solved, looking toward the utilization of waste spaces. The inch economized here, when repeated, as in partition walls, gives the additional foot or two somewhere else, and always the security of the whole building, the natural lighting of it up, must never be lost sight of. Present necessities of comfort, drainage, communication, have introduced into interior architectural plans an amount of detail which would have hurried a Brunelleschi to the mad-house. How many people can get themselves out of a room in a certain time involves the study of the personal equation. How shall the contents of this tank, humanity, be made to flow easily out of its walls? What should be the exact height, width, incline of a series of steps is a grave subject not yet satisfactorily settled. It has all been studied out, minute precautions have been taken (on paper) to render the building fire-proof, and now comes the time when what was a handsome water-colored picture (with several hand-casts full of the working details, all drawn on paper or muslin, or photographed, results of a year's hard labor) is to be materialized.

"Here you are," say the owners of the ground with the tumble-down buildings on it. "Now somebody come and build us up here an amphitheatre, a theatre, a concert-room, a ballroom, a restaurant, a hanging garden, an arcade. We want stalls for the horses of a cavalry regiment, stalls for theatrical parties, dressing-rooms for actors, kitchens for cooks, and this little business will have to be attended to at once. We cannot afford to dawdle. We are losing a precious amount of interest on unproductive capital every day we wait. And it must all be perfect from weather-cock to coal-bin in ten months at the furthest."

It may not perhaps be put as bluntly as this to the builder, Mr. David H. King, Jun., but if you were to strip the real speech of verbiage, the spirit of the instructions would be about as above stated. Now steps the builder to the front. He has carefully studied the plans, specifications, the cost. Mr. King reads those plans as would Walter Damrosch a musical score. Brick, terra-cotta, and iron are his notes; the architect's designs, the maestro's opera; and the masons, bricklayers, iron-workers, machinists, carpenters, his instrumentalists. He is conductor of that orchestra, which is to produce what has been poetically idealized as "frozen music." The builder glances at the Madison Square Garden ground. All over the block sprawls the ungainly structure. If it had not been there at all, if it were an expanse of primitive jungle, he might have gained some precious weeks. He does not hem nor haw over it. He will wipe it out as if it were a scribble on a school-boy's slate. He calls to his aid those skilled demolishers, industrious vandals, who, if they had the job of doing away with the Colosseum or Stonehenge, would cart off both concerns within the fortnight. These sappers and miners without military status handle bodies of 500 men, with an army train of carts and horses. They do not ply their calling at random. It requires study and practice to know how an attack is to be best delivered. Demolition must take place within a certain inside area, not outside of it. A nice thing it would have been to topple a whole wall into a Twenty-sixth Street club-house. There must be no encumbering of sidewalks. The building as it goes to pieces must so manage itself as not to interfere with the getting rid of it. To carry out an intelligent earthquake is to know how to manage *débris*. Some of the men who demolish do daring things. They will sit on the top of a wall, drive downward their wedges until it topples over, and when it falls in one direction, will jump like cats in the other direction. The jack, the jimmy, the crowbar, play havoc, and then follow picks and spades. It is not so hard "to down" the old concern as to get rid of it. To permit a pile of anything to accumulate is to be lost. The wreckage floats away as if there had been a foundering at sea. Everything, to change the simile, takes wings except the bricks. They enter into the new structure inside of walls or underground. Old bricks never wear out, any more than do the Assyrian baked books of clay Professor Jastrow reads. Future New-Yorkers in 3890 may use the pudgy bricks of the original Dutchman and still find them decent and able bricks.

The work of razing the old building at the Madison Square Garden took just three weeks. The labor was carried on night and day. When a building is to be torn down or run up on time, not much account is taken of the setting of the sun. Night work, however, is not generally allotted to building proper, but has its particular functions. When New York is asleep, gangs of men are at work in structures in process of erection, busily engaged in tidying up. They put things straight, unravel the tangle of the past day's work—clear the deck for action, so to speak, so that for the next ten or twelve hours a handier grip can be taken on brick or stone. Three hundred men, and pretty nearly as many horses, knocked the old building out, and carried it off piecemeal.

Excavations follow at once. This is contract work. If during the chaotic period the builder has visited the grounds semi-occasionally, now he is present every day. The contractors have settled in their minds just where they will take hold. Rock! There is plenty of it. Their calculations have considered the exact number of steam-drills and pounds of high explosives to be used to blow it to pieces. The area now swarms with men. There must be levels here, inclines there, likely to be shifted in a minute, but good while in existence, for the going and coming of the carts. There are thousands of tons of stone and dirt to be smashed, ploughed up, picked, shovelled, and carried away. It is the concentration of engineering, complicated, because space is restricted; for there never is enough elbow-room.

The builder's attention now becomes incessant. He must be ready in an instant to take any opening presented. He alone understands the possibilities and his combinations. He must be able to throw in a hundred trowel-men in that gap there, so as to lay the concrete; and when the last spadeful of dirt has been pitched by the Sicilian into the cart, just as the wheels turn, the masons are there, and broken stone and cement are tumbled down, and at once laid and rammed. The builder brooks no interference, for he takes absolute command. Instructions to his ten foremen are explicit, to be carried out to the letter. He is bound, under heavy forfeiture, to complete a large and complicated series of buildings within a certain limited time, and he knows that the quarter of an hour dropped here swells during months to be many days. There is always the dread that bad weather may arrest work. Think of anybody coming up to time with a blizzard to fight! He holds all who furnish material under penalties. If he is bound by specifications, so are they. The administrative power of the builder, which includes the knowledge of men, is necessarily great. Some people have to be driven; others must be led. A hundred things have his attention at once. The streets belong to the public, not to the builder; he must not encumber them. In many large constructions the character of the thoroughfares that lead up to it compels a kind of hand-to-mouth provisioning. Every day a nice calculation has to be made as to the thousands of bricks, or tons of stone, or barrels of cement, or loads of sand, it will assimilate during the twenty-four hours. The methods adopted in the erecting of the New York *Times* building showed more particularly perhaps than ever did any other building "the hand to mouth" process. It never could have been done otherwise. In the Madison Square Garden, as there is a large space to be covered over by the amphitheatre, there will be more room for the stock of material, and this is an advantage Mr. King appreciates.

The steam-drills pound away front and back, and with the use of explosive materials give the depths necessary, and then on a natural stone foundation the tower and the supports for the iron pillars are laid. The tower, 300 feet high, the tallest structure in the country—that is, one made of brick, terra-cotta, and iron—will have no slant like that of Pisa. Here, perfectly defined, is the circus ring where the chariots are to run their races, the circumference of the track being one-tenth of a mile. But this is below the required level. To raise it three feet thousands of tons of earth and composite will be required; but then the amphitheatre may furnish some of its own material, because, if the plans be carried out, there is to be a basin of no mean extent, four feet deep, to be filled with "real" water, and aquatic sports like those of the Circus Flaminius will vie in New York with those of old Rome.

It is an anxious question, that of foundations, for the statue might topple over if the pedestal were insecure. Follow the builder. He is all over the ground. He even examines the character of the huge stone blocks which, standing on a mass of concrete, are to have the iron columns imposed on them. It is his business to pry. He looks all around these huge stones, under them, to see that the concrete is properly placed. If there was the faintest suspicion of their not being right they would be rooted out at once. He insists that in this particular line of work "just here" the hands are to be concentrated; and why? Because five minutes before he has had a despatch telling him that the iron columns for this particular side are on the way, and will be on hand to-morrow. He carries it all in his mind, and his object is to make each thing, if he can, fit at once its appropriate place.

In the grander methods of construction to-day there is a wide departure from the ways of the past. By a process of evolution we have obtained the best material, which is iron, and then, paradoxical as it may seem, we have at once reverted to the most primitive of plans. What is an Arab tent? It is a felt cloth stretched on a central pole or a series of poles. It is the pole or the poles which alone support. The showman's tent, of vast proportions, stands on a mimic forest of poles. Our poles to-day are wrought-iron columns of immense strength. We may be said to be indifferent as to walls. We do not even care for extended foundations. We isolate foundations. Where there is a heavy burden to shoulder, just there we put in all our strength. We build on props. It is not, then, the outside walls that hold the girders. It may be advanced that the girders, supported by the columns, hold the walls in place. If walls could be run up securely enough to hold themselves in position, these might be built perfectly independent or unattached to the interior. Walls are not called upon even to sustain the roof. We build inside. We make the skeleton as strong and stiff as human skill goes, put it on a solid footing, and we clothe it outside with walls. This method undoubtedly hastens the raising of the modern structure. An element of time is saved. Though the entire movement or growth of a building is made as synchronous as possible, halts in various directions bring with them no little trouble. The elements are defied. You cannot make cement hold bricks or stone when temperatures are too low, but an iron column or a series of them can be erected, the bolts, nuts, or rivets secure the girders attached, indifferent to thermometrical caprice. If the mechanician leads, as he does, his foundations being once prepared, the rest of the building craft follow. American elevated railroad work and house construction have had a certain interdependence to the advantage of both.

For the 3,000,000 pounds of wrought-iron and the 500,000 pounds of cast-iron in the Madison Square Garden there will be about two bricks used for every pound of metal, and now some of the few details of a building can be understood.

No matter what a builder can do when pressed for time, his career is necessarily checkered with accidents. The storm, not in New York, but at the iron-works, hundreds of miles distant, blocks the railway, and material is delayed. It arrives safely in New York, but on its carriage through the city a wheel of the van crumbles, and the column is landed on the street a mile away from its destination. The builder must be full of expedients. The plans he has laid for the day must now be changed. He must be shifty, and keep a cool head. Prepared to drive anything to its end, if headed off in one direction, he wheels rapidly round and makes his onslaught somewhere else. How to hurry up what is backward, not to let anything get too far ahead, are some of the builder's arts. There are a thousand contingencies having to do with labor he is bound to consider. It would be unjust to order all hands who are bricklaying off because of any delay which his forethought should have prevented. If any builder did that, he would find it difficult to secure proper workmen when he wanted them again. There are then considerations not material ones which must always occupy a builder's attention.

Arrived at a certain height above the level of the street, the derricks are rigged which lift materials. In other days much money and time were spent on scaffoldings. They must still be used, but in a limited way. A scaffold could not be dispensed with for the first story, for you must have a lift from there in order to scale the first heights, but once established there, the scaffold is rather used to protect the lives of the passers-by in the street than to give help to the building. As the columns rise, and the girders are put in place, the beams make the scaffold for the future stories. A large building will have a special gang whose sole duty is to rig derricks and to run them. An iron pillar, a bunch of girders, by means of the steam-lift and wire cable, rise up in air as would a bale of hay. Once up, fifty hands clutch at the pillar. It is put into place, secured, and, like a tree, the girders as boughs spring from the main trunk. "Oh! she just builds herself up," was the explanation given the writer by a foreman, when the last column was put in place which completed the internal iron-work of the New York *Times* building. Somewhat slower is the construction of floors. In a many-storied building the area covered by floors is immense. Some idea of proportions may be gained when the leaf surfaces of a book are compared to the binding. The hollow tile, which from its form makes its own arch, is now entirely in use. Above these floors there is put some three to five inches of solid concrete. This kind of flooring holds and locks together a building as nothing else ever did before. Errors of a hair's-breadth when carried out *in extenso* become in a building dreaded exaggerations. Minute measurements are constant, and the best thumbed of all papers is the working plan of the builder. The plumb-line and spirit-level are always in requisition. "Pretty nearly right," is a shambling confession of weakness. "Absolutely correct as to height, width, position," alone suffices. There is a limit of error. Maybe man will never get anything entirely perfect. What latitude is permissible varies with the intelligence of the builder.

A thousand men find active employment, first and last, for the six or seven months on the Madison Square Garden, and that does not comprise all the hands contributing their labor. The builder takes nothing for granted. He holds himself responsible for material, for the placing of it, and must and does look as carefully into those portions of the structure which, once closed up, are never to be seen again as he does into the visible ornamentations of the façade. With the patience of Job, the builder must at the same time differ from the man of Uz in being able to impart the impulse of his enthusiasm to his workmen.

"How does our work compare as to rapidity with that of England or France?" was asked.

"We build very much more rapidly here. I cannot say that it is twice as fast. I do not wish to present my own work, but that of many other American builders. We are forced to keep up with the requirements. We are more likely to be interrupted in winter than they are abroad, that is, in England, France, Germany, and Italy. Hot weather makes no matter to us, but cold weather does."

"Are the workmen, then, more speedy?"

"It looks like it. There are fewer holidays. We count on steady work."

"Then what is it? You employ quite as many foreign workmen as American, do you not?"

"A good workman is of no special nationality to me," was Mr. King's answer. "I have often thought it over. It may be handiness in getting at material, seconds saved here and there, little odd snappy ways of doing things, which count for us as days in the long-run. All I know is that the English or Scotch bricklayer working on our wall over there will set more brick than if he was plying his vocation in London or Edinburgh. There is something in the air which quickens a man's senses here, and gets him out of the slow stride. More nervous energy is put into him. I do not speak of myself, but of other builders throughout the whole country, who will, in the eight or ten months, construct a superb structure, which edifice, say in London, would take from two to four years—say three years—to complete. When we begin to hit, we hit heavy, and keep on hitting all the time. I have the very best men I can find. I should be ruined professionally and financially if I did not have the pick of men. I want good men. I find them; and when found, I do my best to keep them. Now promptness, the brain guiding the hands, produces careful work. If you slouch over a slow job, you generally turn out wretched work."

Then Mr. King was down the ladder, gave directions to one of his foremen about the foundation of the tower, and a minute afterward was on the Fourth Avenue side, inspecting the excavations there for the steam machinery which was to heat and light the place, run the elevators, and do the thousand and other odd things for which power is to be employed.

In thinking over what the builder of the pedestal of the Bartholdi statue, of the Equitable, and of the *Times* had said in regard to the rapidity of work in the United States, the theory might be advanced that it depended a great deal on temperament. Perhaps Frenchmen in Paris, with their plastic Caen stone, work faster than Englishmen, while the German would be the slowest.

There are very good builders of Bushire, that Persian seaport. They are sure if they are slow. A structure commenced this century will have its roof put on it the next. The deliberation of the Bushire builder is thus explained: "Brother," says the bricklayer to the laborer, "in the name of the Prophet, praise be his name, pass me up a brick." Then the laborer below bows gravely and replies, "Brother, in the name of the Prophet, the Illustrious, the Beneficent, the Pure, the Tower of Strength, to whom all praise is due, the Scourge of the Infidels—may their graves be defiled!—pray accept this brick." At least a Bushire edifice constructed with such pious homily would never when finished have a spick-span appearance. It would be born, so to speak venerable, for the travail, with the ceremonial, would have been interminable.

The man of the cave period, if he found a ready-made den in the rock, worried himself but little with the trimming of his abode. He is said to have had artistic tendencies, and was probably satisfied with such natural decorations as stalactites, but after we have built our house, endless are our requirements. While the shell has been reared, all the fittings-up for it have been under rapid preparation. Romantic fiction applied to social science has presented uniformity as the drift of the future. When men and women all dress in their exact costumes, and live in houses as much alike as are peascods, then house-building will be reduced to a minimum of time. In that happy future a house will be thrown together, in certain parts at least, as rapidly as is brought together the works of a modern watch or the mechanism of a repeating rifle.

More worry and annoyance come now to the builder than when the heavier work was under way. It is an era of the smaller miseries, this putting in place of the infinite number of little things. Painters, floorers, plumbers, cabinet-makers, layers of tiles, electric people, tinners, swarm through the place. It is a Tower of Babel of trades. You cannot paint until things are dry and the dust laid. You cannot wait for your electric communications. They must be applied before the plastering goes on. When you get to laying tiles, or lozenges of marble or hard stones, those are exactly the things that will not be driven. The mosaicist always says, "Manyana."

From the quiet way in which the builder took up the considerations of the whole plan, the idea was conveyed that there really was not so much to do after all in the new Madison Square Garden—only an amphitheatre of immense size, only a theatre as large as Palmer's; besides these, a concert-room and a ballroom of great capacity, and a restaurant, and a hanging garden, and a 300-foot tower, and an arcade all around the block.

Mr. King did not say so, but it struck the writer as if he might have wanted to express himself in this way: "It's all here, so to speak, where I can keep it in touch, let us say, under my hat. Now when I have a half-dozen large buildings going up at the same time in different parts of the city, each one having a problem of its own to solve, that requires some attention. But here it's all together. To you it seems as if it were a complicated thing to do; but I am forced to look at things as wholes. I shall at first put most of my work on the amphitheatre, and get that done, because it may be wanted first. As to the theatre and concert-room, they will crowd on the heels of the circus—no, I mean amphitheatre."

This must be about the drift of what I think Mr. King would have said. Nor can I be so far wrong, for an absolute invitation followed, couched in this guise: "God willing, some time this summer—1890—I hope to invite you to take the elevator in this tower (you will note that my men are now building the foundations of it), and from the top of it we will see quite a collection of buildings, to be known in the future as the Madison Square Gardens."

The architects of the Madison Square Garden, Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White, have altered somewhat the design as it was first presented in a former number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The tower does not now front on Madison Avenue. The whole structure, imposing from its size, is highly attractive. Architectural effects are, as they should be, assorted to the purpose of the building. It will be the handsomest place of public amusement in this country, and that without false display.   BARNET PHILLIPS.

NOTE.—In New York during the last twelve months plans have been filed for 216 new buildings for business purposes, to be located "on ground previously occupied by other structures, and the estimated value of the proposed new buildings is $10,032,000." In Boston the number of old buildings demolished during the past year "to make room for new structures was 88; new buildings in the place of old ones, 32." Estimated cost of new buildings, "$4,490,000—an increase of $3,982,800." The Mayor of Boston writes that in this statement are included "buildings in the business portion of the city, which have been taken down to make room for the rapid progress of trade." In Philadelphia the same process of reconstruction must be going on, but information having been asked of the proper authorities, no response was given. Chicago having been so recently rebuilt, reconstruction will come in the future.

I am indebted to Mr. Scott Thompson for information as to the original owners of the ground now occupied by the Madison Square Garden. See Mr. Scott Thompson's article, "Real Estate in New York," in HARPER'S WEEKLY of October 26, 1889.

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

IN at least one particular college theatricals take us back to the stage of Shakespeare's time—the female characters are acted by men. It was said of a member of "Master Will's" company of players that he was the prettiest girl in London. A similar compliment can now be paid to one of the prominent actors in the Columbia College Dramatic Club; and there are other members of this association and of the Harvard Hasty Pudding Club who would shine in a contest of beauty. Whoever has attended a performance of college theatricals can read with the fullest appreciation Aldrich's clever story of the youthful scion of a Knickerbocker house, who became desperately enamored of a lovely trapeze performer, and wooed her with fruits and flowers and jewelry only to discover that he had been lavishing his affections and his allowance upon a man. Indeed, a susceptible youth attending a performance of the Columbia College Dramatic Club without a programme for his enlightenment might find himself before the evening was half over smitten with the charms of the club's lovely *prima ballerina*, Mr. Thomas Kelly, a son of Mr. Eugene Kelly, and easily the queen of college theatricals. Changing the locality, one may say of Mr. Kelly what was said of the Shakespearian actor of female rôles—he is the prettiest girl in New York.

We are indebted for our college theatricals to the Hasty Pudding Club, one of the senior societies of Harvard, which gave such successful performances of *Helen and Paris, or the Dude, the Dunce, and the Daisy*, at the Berkeley Lyceum the other day. This club started the ball rolling in 1845, and has kept it merrily going ever since. The particular father of this most diverting class of entertainments was Lemuel Hayward, Harvard, '45, who arranged a performance of *Bombastes Furioso* at the Pudding-rooms, he himself playing the title rôle. Mr. Hayward still takes a parental interest in Pudding theatricals. The spirit of fun has been contagious, and there are now at Harvard several other histrionic clubs, the most notable being that of the D. K. E., which is a Sophomore society at Cambridge. The Pudding and D. K. E. performances lead not only at Harvard, but in college theatricals generally; and it is certainly greatly to Harvard's credit that her students besides being prominent in athletic sports are pre-eminent in these sportive entertainments, which at least border upon the intellectual and æsthetic, and certainly require a keen sense of humor and a due familiarity with the terpsichorean graces.

Mr. Lemuel Hayward may be likened to a histrionic Moses, who, smiting the Pudding rock, caused a stream of fun to gush forth. The stream reached New York in January, 1879. There had been Harvard performances in New York before then, but this was on so elaborate a scale, and was such a success, that thereafter college theatricals became a regular feature of the New York social season. The piece in 1879 was *Fair Rosamond*, and it was acted and sung with great *éclat* at the old Union League Club Theatre by a company of Harvard graduates. The performance also introduced the music of *Pinafore* to New York. *Fair Rosamond* was a roaring burlesque, but it was not the only funny feature of the entertainment; for between the acts an amateur orchestra made things hideous, a criticism which will probably not be considered invidious when the writer adds that he himself contributed materially to that nightmare of discord.

The cause of both D. K. E. and Pudding theatricals received great impetus from the class of '82, upon one of whose members, Mr. Evert Jansen Wendell, the mantle of Mr. Hayward may be said to have fallen. Mr. Wendell was Æneas in *Dido and Æneas*, a clever burlesque by Owen Wister, of Philadelphia, a grandson of Fanny Kemble. It was given here in 1882, and is remembered as the greatest hit in college theatricals. As D. K. E.'s, the '82 men had been to New York with *Kenilworth*, *Ivanhoe*, and *Der Freyschütz*, so that there were several familiar faces in *Dido and Æneas*. This burlesque bore the sub-title, *A Revised Version of the Æneid*. Prompted doubtless by their love of the classics, the "Puds" had gone to Virgil for their model. The result was Hasty Pudding, *sauce classique*. There was a certain element of daring in producing a revised version of the Æneid, for at the time it was done revision was not so much of a fad as it is now. Napoleon once expressed his admiration of Virgil in this neat epigram, "Si Homèr a fait Virgile, c'est son plus bel ouvrage." No doubt the success of *Dido and Æneas* would have justified the Pudding men in changing the epigram so that it would read, "Si Homèr a fait Wister, c'est son plus bel ouvrage." The burlesque literally bubbles over with what may be termed undergraduate fun—a delightfully direct species of wit. Of course the action had the classic story for a basis, but Dido, after ordering a pyre "for one," is obliged to countermand it, as Æneas, having discovered that his ships have become filled with sand, returns to her loving arms. The Trojan weeps so copiously, both before and after his arrival at Carthage, that he has to carry a bucket labelled "Tears" about with him. Whenever a particularly grievous pun is perpetrated, the altar in Dido's palace "blows up." Here are a few choice specimens from the libretto:

> *Dido*. Oh! 'tis a cold hard world, and (*sitting down*) ow! 'tis a cold hard throne. But what of that? We are all *thrown* into the world except me, and I am *whirled* on to the throne. (*The altar blows up.*)
>
> *Dido*. Carthage must have temples.
> *Anna*. I don't see why we couldn't get along without temples. You never go to church.
> *Dido*. I admit that. But Carthage must have ruins. Ruins it cannot have if it has not previously had temples. You know it must have ruins; for Marius is to sit in them.
>
> *Æneas* (*turning to his followers after they have sung two verses of a chorus*). We will omit the next nineteen verses, and sing the twenty-third verse, in which the chorus is earnestly begged to repeat the last four lines.

Besides Mr. Wendell there were in the cast, Mr. Pendleton, a nephew of the late minister to Germany, as Dido; Mr. H. G. Chapin, of Springfield, Massachusetts, as Achates; and Mr. Richard D. Sears, the retired tennis champion, as Puer Ascanius. Mr. Wendell retains his interest in theatricals, and is a leading member of the Amateur Comedy Club, holding his position as much through his ability as through his popularity. He is well known in athletic circles, retaining the amateur record of the world at one hundred yards. Other Hasty Pudding men who made decided hits in college theatricals were Messrs. Philip and Herbert Sears, brothers of Mr. R. D. Sears, the first named being himself the college tennis champion, and Mr. Howard Taylor, the tennis champion.

The ballet made its *début* in college theatricals in *Dido and Æneas*. Dido's costume was a light pink gauze dress, with flesh-colored tights. Doubtless the real Æneas would not have mourned if the real Dido had been thus airily clad. In the burlesque at any rate the costume was a great success, and the ballet has now become a leading feature of college theatricals. It has been especially prominent in the performances of the Columbia College Dramatic Club, which has now been before the public some four years. *Pocahontas*, *Captain Kidd*, *William Penn*, and *Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat* have been its chief productions, and it now has in rehearsal a burlesque entitled *Lafayette*. Mr. George Morrison is its laureate, and its leading lights are Messrs. Edward Fales Coward, who has deservedly the reputation of being the most brilliant actor on the amateur stage, Thomas Kelly, whose grace and beauty as the *prima ballerina* have already been spoken of, Robert Morrell, and Robert Cutting.

College theatricals are the most enjoyable kind of amateur performances of the present day, because while the amateur clubs are branching out into plays which should never be attempted except on the professional stage instead of confining themselves to bright society farces and comedies, in which amateurs cannot only equal but even surpass professionals, the college men adhere to the burlesque. These burlesques are generally written by a member of the club, who fits his players with congenial parts, and as a result college theatricals are given with a humorous *abandon* which cannot fail to exhilarate the audience.   GUSTAV KOBBÉ.

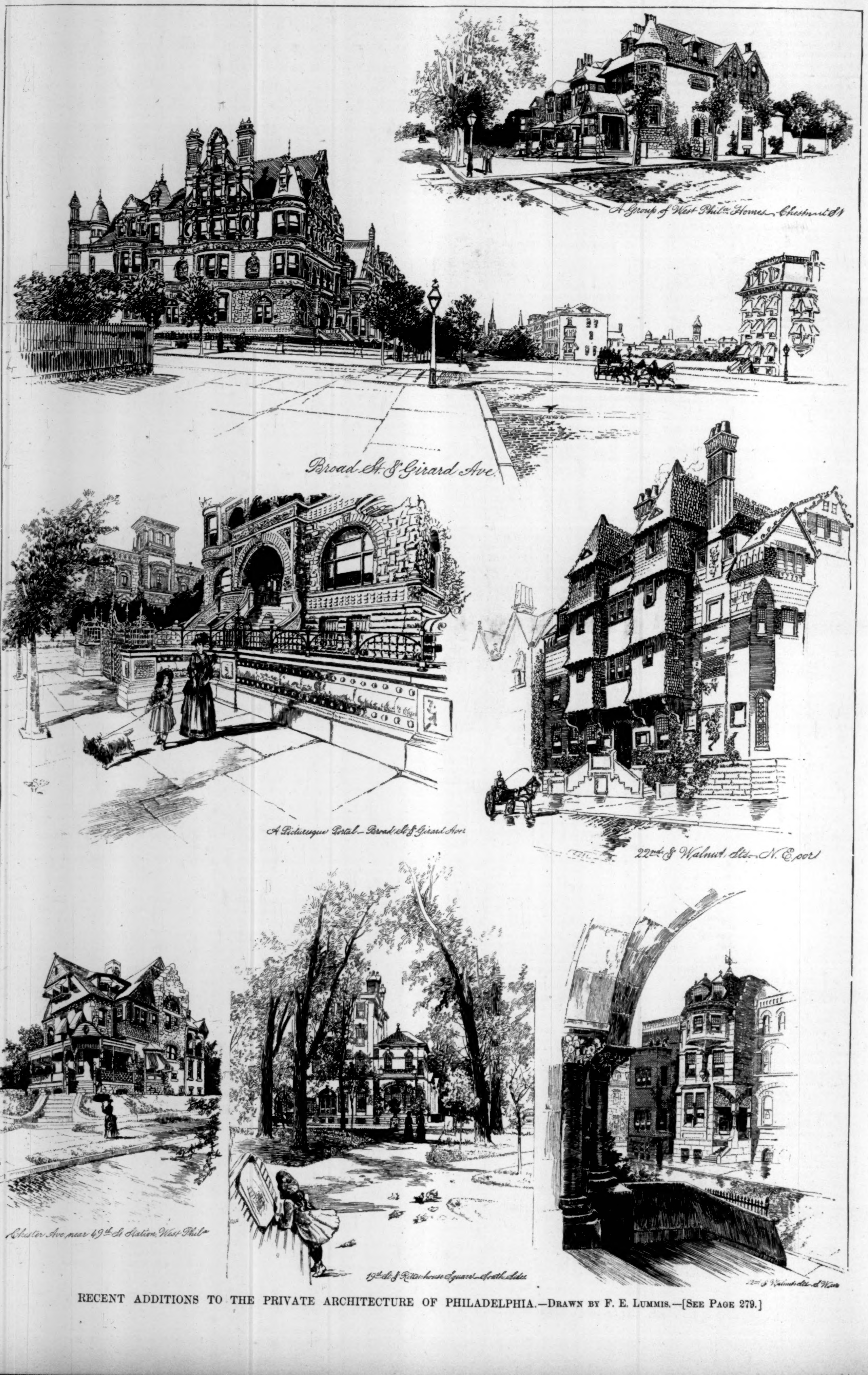
DAVID DOWS.

A COMPLETE biography of David Dows, who died at his residence in New York city on March 30th, would be largely a history of the economic development of this country during the last half-century. His active business life began before the age of railroads and telegraphs, and he witnessed and had personal experience in the gradual adaptation and practical application of those forces to commerce. His broadness of view, foresight, and courage enabled him to secure a fortune of many millions of dollars by taking prompt advantage of the changing and improving conditions in the revolution in trade brought about by steam and electricity, together with the general material growth of the nation.

He was born in 1814, in Saratoga County, New York, and was the eleventh of twelve children, equally divided as to sex. His father was a farmer who had been a soldier of the Revolution, and was directly descended from the New England Puritans. The first ancestor of the family in America, leaving behind him in England a brother who became a Captain in Cromwell's army, migrated to Massachusetts in 1630, and took part with Governor Winthrop in the founding of Boston. From the New England point of view, Mr. Dows's lineage was of the purest American strain. At the age of fourteen he left his father's farm, with what school instruction the locality afforded, and went to Albany to begin life as a dry-goods clerk. This line of trade seems not to have proved his proper element, as five years later, after some experience at Utica, he came to New York to enter the employ of his brother's firm of Dows & Cary, commission merchants. Here his successful career fairly began. Four years after, in 1837, he was admitted to the firm. In 1844 his brother died, and in 1854 the death of Mr. Cary left him in sole control of the business. He subsequently took his brother Ammi, and in 1860 Alexander E. Orr and V. D. Mairs, as partners, when the now long-familiar name of David Dows & Company was adopted.

The main feature of the firm's trade was grain, and its ramifications grew wide and far-reaching. They included offices and elevators in Baltimore, Chicago, St. Paul, and other points, and had necessarily much to do with transportation matters. Mr. Dows was actively interested in the extension of railroads throughout the Northwest, and was officially connected with nearly all the lines in the grain-producing region. He was for many years President of the New York Corn Exchange, out of which grew the Produce Exchange, and contributed greatly toward strengthening New York as a grain mart and point of export. In finding investments for his vast wealth Mr. Dows became associated with many corporations—banks, insurance companies, etc.

During the war for the Union, David Dows & Company rendered valuable aid to the government in the collection and forwarding of supplies. They were important factors in the work of sustaining the armies in the field. When Secretary Chase asked the assistance of New York capitalists in establishing the national banking system, and bringing order out of the chaotic condition of the country's finances at a critical period, Mr. Dows was one of the number who helped essentially to inspire confidence by starting the Fourth National Bank with a $5,000,000 capital.



A Group of West Phil^a Homes — Chestnut St.

Broad St. & Girard Ave.

A Picturesque Portal — Broad St. & Girard Ave.

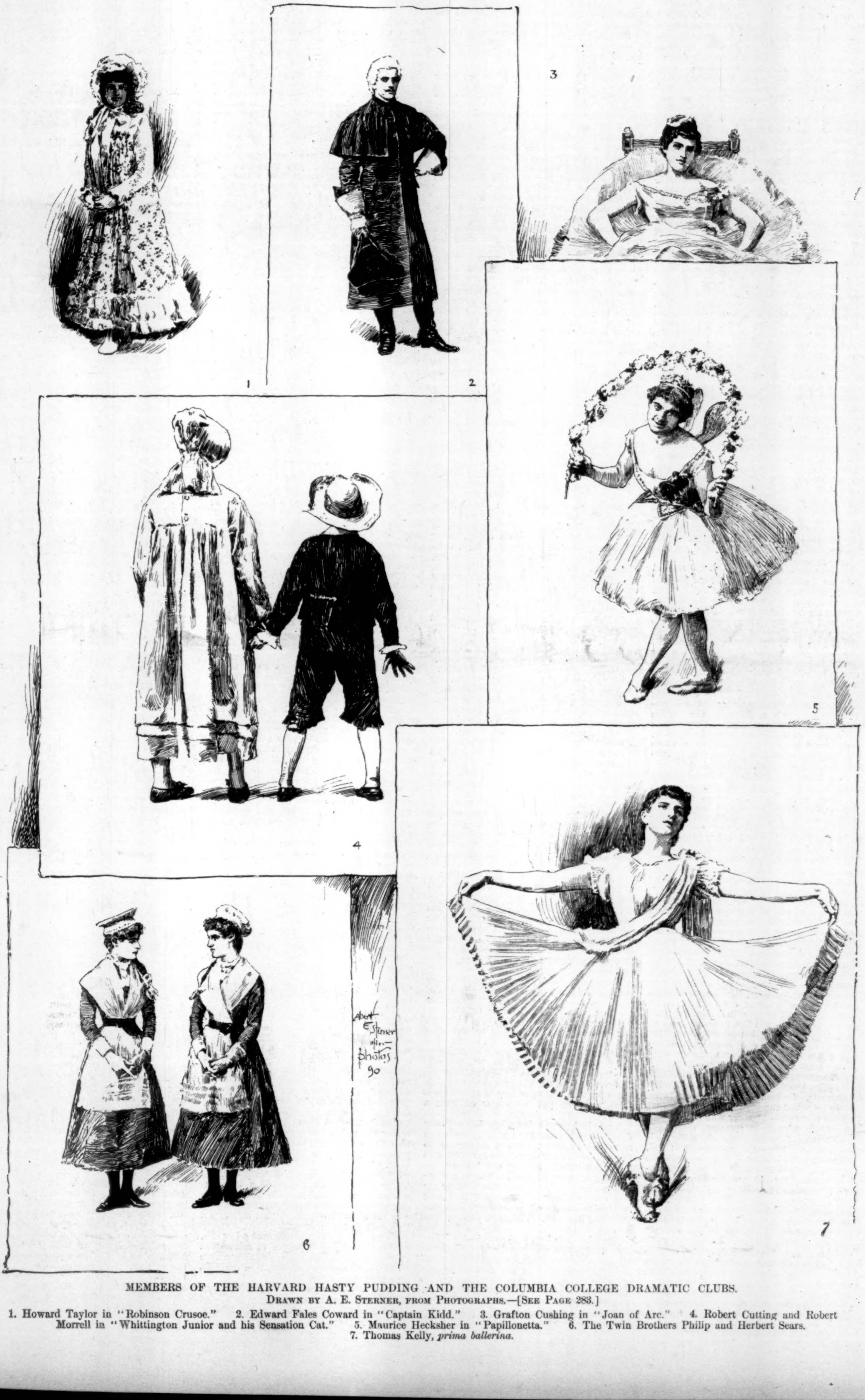
22nd & Walnut Sts. N. E. cor.

Chester Ave. near 49th St. Station, West Phil^a

19th St. & Rittenhouse Square — South Side

22nd & Walnut Sts. S. W. cor.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE PRIVATE ARCHITECTURE OF PHILADELPHIA.—Drawn by F. E. Lummis.—[See Page 279.]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Albert E Sterner after photos 90

MEMBERS OF THE HARVARD HASTY PUDDING AND THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUBS.
DRAWN BY A. E. STERNER, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 283.]
1. Howard Taylor in "Robinson Crusoe." 2. Edward Fales Coward in "Captain Kidd." 3. Grafton Cushing in "Joan of Arc." 4. Robert Cutting and Robert Morrell in "Whittington Junior and his Sensation Cat." 5. Maurice Hecksher in "Papillonetta." 6. The Twin Brothers Philip and Herbert Sears. 7. Thomas Kelly, *prima ballerina*.

AN ANTHRACITE IDYL.

"She's the pur-rtiest lettle Irish gyur-rl that iver was bar-rn in Amirica," said Tim's grandmother. Tim sat on the steps, and his grandmother sat in the doorway, a white cap with large frills surrounding her face as the petals of a sunflower surround its great seeded centre. She might have been carved out of a hickory-nut, so brown and hard was the texture of her countenance, but big, bright, gray eyes, and wide, smiling lips that could never quite draw together over two enormous separated front teeth, helped, with a nose of true Hibernian piquancy, to produce an effect of ugliness that was typical, and far from unattractive. In her exquisite cleanliness she contrasted strongly with the black fellow at her feet, who reeked of mine oil, and out of the creases of his boots and trousers scattered fine coal-dust upon her immaculate steps.

She was knitting a coarse sock, and kept the ball under her apron lest it should roll away; never looking at her work, but casting quick glances all around, not to miss whatever of interest might be going on in the neighborhood. Now and then she "shooed" away a cow possessing an undeveloped bump of locality, or a predatory pig whose appearance betokened riotous living, though not wasted substance; and sometimes she shouted, in her rich, deep-throated brogue, at reckless infants who sat in the middle of the road, facing an approaching coal wagon as calmly as if it were the car of Juggernaut, and they its self-destined victims. But with all this care over the outside world, Granny Grant was not oblivious of the nearer and dearer interests within her gates. The mere surface of her mind—her outer senses—took note of pigs and babies; deep below were the real faculties at work, and from out these depths came the sentiment which we have heard her express on the subject of Rosy, eldest daughter of Mrs. Burke, their next-door neighbor but one. Rosy was often granny's text, and Tim had ever been a willing audience, even suggesting new heads to the discourse, or developing those he deemed too lightly touched upon; but to-day he hardly seemed to be listening to the oft-repeated panegyrics; he sat with head thrown back against one of the rough supports of the porch, mum, and gazing at nothing in particular.

Granny took up a clay pipe that lay beside her, puffed it vigorously into life, and went on talking through drawn lips. "Yis, Rosy's a pur-rty gyur-rl." Then, in a discriminating tone, twisting her head from side to side, and screwing up her eyes: "Et's not to sa-ay that her *fa-ace* is pur-rty, it's the *loo-k* she has from her fa-ace. An' wheeriver ded she acquoire thaht loo-k? Et's not her *pernts* as gev et to her. Frank Bour-rke ez as oogly—as oogly as iver I seen a mahn wid a nose on um, an' God knows her mahther ezn't mooch fer shtoile." Which crushing criticism needed no heavenly witness to corroborate, but only a glance at the woman herself as she hung over her gate, with hair first cousin to the fretful porcupine's quills, and attired in a not overclean gown, whose cut displayed mercilessly what granny called "her endeshcroibable shlabbiness."

Mrs. Burke cared little for Granny Grant's opinion, or for public opinion either, which in these parts generally meant the same thing. She cared whether or not her children were run over in the road, and was endlessly screaming to them to "come out o' thaht, or I'll lick ye," to which injunction, with its accompanying threat, they paid little heed, however, "thaht" being present and perennial, while a licking bore the vague, uncertain character of all futurities. She also cared to have her husband's dinner pail well filled in the morning and supper ready for his home-coming at night; but more than aught else did she care to get her washing out before any of her neighbors, and for the sake of indulging this favorite whim would rise while it was yet night, in emulation of that uncomfortably virtuous woman who was King Lemuel's mother's beau-ideal of a daughter-in-law. Moreover, moved thereto by the same ambition, she invested half a week's wages in a washing-machine, to the deep offence of granny, in whom economy joined with conservatism to make her condemn "an expinsive theng that's no goo-d but to kape oop a divilish squ'akin' and wa-aste goo-d sawp, an' diz awa-ay wid the use o' the hands what God A'moighty fur-rnished ye."

One other item closes the brief list of Mrs. Burke's objects of pride, to wit, Rosy's white petticoats, of which that young lady owned more betucked and beruffled specimens than all the other girls together who dwelt in the twenty-four uniform cottages, single and well-painted, that made up the aristocratic neighborhood known as Empire Row; and, strange to say, Granny Grant, who could bemoan the waste of good soap in "haythenish" washing-machines, and who made herself intolerable at times on the general subject of thrift as *not* practised in the Burke household, found no fault with what she evidently considered indispensables to an Irish girl's wardrobe. Indeed, it is not unlikely that she regarded Rosy's superfluous petticoats as dowry, thinking her the more eligible for Tim in proportion to the number of such articles which she could bring along with her.

But Tim took no interest in the bravery of those rustling ornaments about his sweetheart's feet. He would have kissed the feet, and given away in advance all the neckties he ever expected to own to anybody who could have assured him that Rosy did not look upon him with indifference.

There was a time—not very far back either—when he knew she did not. He had known her all his life; they had sat in the road as infants, and thrown coal-dust in each other's faces; they had wallowed in the same ditch, and sailed chips together upon the pond formed by escape water from the nearest mine. If the French proverb be correct, that "who teases, loves," then he must have loved her before the bones in their legs had hardened, for surely Kathleen O'Bawn never suffered more from her ardent Rory's attempts "to plaze" than did poor Rosy when little Tim Grant used to creep over on all-fours to torment her in ways peculiar to himself, such as sticking twigs in between her bare baby toes, poking pebbles and ashes down the neck of her gown, or—and this was the sorest trial—licking her dirty chubby face all over with as little mercy as an old mother cat who thinks bath-time has come shows to her kitten.

When Rosy was able to get up and run away, Tim was obliged to invent new methods of torture, though he still licked her face whenever he got the chance. On being catechised by his grandmother as to why he did so, he replied, "'Tause she allus has 'lasses on her," which was not far from the truth, albeit as a reason for his conduct the statement had no cogency whatever, since Biddy Hart, who lived between the Grants and Burkes, was literally smeared with molasses from morning till night without offering the slightest temptation to Tim's "sweet tooth."

After a while Rosy began to go shod, and to wear her "towsy" light brown hair in broad braids tied with ravishing blue ribbons. Tim, though not a connoisseur in white starched petticoats, had a decided eye for color, which developed itself in an early passion for neckties, and his admiration for Rosy's blue ribbons was so great that he never left one on her hair if it could be gotten off; which deed was sometimes accomplished by fraud, but oftener by force. He himself much preferred the latter method, since the inevitable tussle usually ended by his getting her into his arms, and making her "show her corn"—*corn* being Master Grant's euphemism for *snags*, a term ironically applied by Rosy's father to her white, even teeth. Rosy would resist to the death, but all efforts at keeping her mouth shut only resulted in more bewitching positions of the lips, which to any one understanding English said plainly, "Kiss me, if you dare," and Tim was not without a reasonable amount both of daring and English.

The invariable finale of these ribbon fights was a prolonged shriek from the victim, which displayed every kernel of "corn," from dainty incisors even to the last molar.

Ah, those were blissful times! But all was changed now. Rosy had become a school-teacher, and a school-teacher was in Tim's opinion something truly awful. He had put away such childish things as books at the age of fourteen, and he was now twenty; but it would take a good decade to obliterate from his mind certain impressions received at that hall of learning known as the "Fi'th Distric'." His inaptitude for study and his readiness for mischief would naturally have placed him among those pupils classified as "troublesome," but that an innate reverence for knowledge *per se*, quite unconnected with any acquisitive thirst, and a reverence amounting to awe for the hired dispenser of knowledge, kept his spirits in check and such mind as he had in a tolerably receptive condition.

But to these admirable motives must be added one not less admirable, namely, a desire to keep up with Rosy Burke. It remained a desire only; for although she was nearly a year his junior, he could never bridge the chasm that yawned between himself, wallowing in the vexations of multiplication, and her whose serene intellect the Rule of Three could not bother, nor practice drive mad.

Through successive promotions Rosy was at length rapt away into the upper heaven of Grammar A—a heaven utterly unattainable for Tim, who withdrew from school soon after entering the B room, and began his own support at slate-picking, only to feel more and more separated from Rosy, as she went winging her flight yet higher, alighting at length upon that top peak—the High-School. He could never explain to himself how the separation grew, nor the exact point of time when he was first conscious of it. Who is there that can put his finger on such a point?

There had come a day when Tim actually found himself marching up the school-room steps behind Rosy, yet not daring to so much as tweak her long thick braid, with its delightful "fluff" flowing out beneath the fascinating bow of blue. When had he pulled that braid or stolen that ribbon? It was only yesterday. What had happened between to-day and yesterday? Nothing that Tim knew of. Time had passed; that was all.

After he once began to perceive a difference in Rosy, it was wonderful how many things came to substantiate it in his mind—things unnoticed at the time that now crowded around his bar of judgment, all too eager witnesses to signs of variation and quick change in the mistress of his heart.

Tim was far from being of a jealous disposition, and even had he been so he could have found little cause for jealousy. It was not that Rosy looked at any other boy, but that she did not look at him; that is, not so much as she used to, and when she did in such a queer way. Tim thought there was no sense in a girl's looking that way. Why couldn't she hold her head up, and give a fellow a square eyeshot, the kind he always gave her? But suddenly—or was it gradually, he could not tell—she must take to glancing at him sideways, like an old hen, or after the fashion of granny's tabby-cat, pretending not to see him at all, with a superior air of seeming to say, "I'm here, but you're not there."

But this was not all, nor the strangest part, either. What puzzled Tim most was the occasional thawing out of Rosy's manner. The times she chose for thawing out were very inopportune times for him. If ever he took special pains with his toilet, arraying himself in the full glory of store clothes, boiled shirt, and a cravat the latest and most flagrant marvel of aniline, these seemed only as signals for a certain charming nose to turn up even more than its Celtic origin would warrant, followed by a chin whose soft under fulness had often in by-gone days mirrored the dandelion in assurance of its owner's predilection for butter, and which could now hardly express more than the merest shadow of anything so ungentle as scorn.

But let him happen to be in a particularly disreputable mining suit, and black past recognition, then it was that his fair neighbor saw fit to recognize him, and with just enough of the old effusiveness too to make him wild for the sweet revenge of bestowing a good black hug that would leave its mark on her dainty freshness.

Before Tim attained to the advanced position of "outside" mule-driver, Rosy graduated with high honors, and shortly thereafter shadowy rumors began to float about of her having passed a superintendent's examination, and applied for the primary department of Ironbrook School.

These rumors first spread themselves like a thin veil over Tim's sky, casting upon all things that light which is like a certain fearful looking for of change; then suddenly they gathered into a black cloud, which burst with the thunderous news that Rosy had gained the place she sought, and was indeed a teacher.

It would be difficult to describe the exact condition of Tim's mind at this point. His granny, in what was intended for low tones (she was incapable of a whisper), confided to Mrs. Hart, leaning over the fence and knitting the while, that "he was hur-rted in his faylin's to an extint that tuk the varry ta-aste oot o' pay-nuts"—an extent of hurt truly alarming to any one who knew of the elective affinity existing between those underground esculents and his palate. Tim himself in the pregnant words "all broke up," perhaps sufficiently expressed the totality of wreck which the view of his inward state would disclose.

Had Rosy been made Empress of all the Russias she could not thereby have acquired a more transcending dignity in his eyes than she now possessed as a "school-marm." His awe of her high office set her apart as upon a throne, and invested her with robe, sceptre, and crown. Rosy was one who knew things! She could explain "sums," and hear lessons without a book! Also she had authority (under the principal, of course), and might thrash—judiciously.

This idea of remoteness was intensified by her boarding at Ironbrook, and spending only Saturdays and Sundays at home. Tim did not know which he dreaded most—the dull pain, the "sorrow without torment" of her five days' absence, or the exquisite anguish of seeing her, or at least knowing that she was near, from Friday night until Monday morning. She boarded with Mrs. Hugh Wilson, who represented the top cream of Ironbrook society, and small airy tatters were very busy in carrying word of how Rosy was "making a regular mash of it" over there.

Once, after she had smiled upon him at intervals all day Sunday, Tim plucked up heart and made a pilgrimage to Ironbrook the very next evening, only to call himself a fool for doing so. In the first place, Miss Burke had on her best company manners, of which it might be said that, like her petticoats, they were able to stand alone. Then Tim, who had spent one solid hour in his adorning, and felt himself irreproachably clad, was mortified to the dust to find all the Ironbrook fellows wearing that style of collar which concedes the existence of a larynx, and is called "Piccadilly," while he was still risking assassination from a three-inch "cutthroat." Lastly, he was subject to the horror of encountering two teachers instead of one, for the principal was also making a call at the Wilsons', and talked upon matters connected with the school, to which conversation Miss Burke contributed her share in a way that was appalling. Moreover, she had a private talk outside the door with the principal, who was plainly heard to say: "All right. I'll thrash him for you!"

Now Tim's moral system was at a low ebb, owing to the utter downfall of self-respect caused by his discovery that cutthroats were "out," and these ominous words of the great man made him wince.

What was more likely than that Rosy should enlist a powerful champion as skilled in the manly art of thrashing as Mr. McKenna to rid her of a suitor whose room was evidently preferable to his company?

When she came back smiling, and told Mrs. Wilson that Mr. McKenna was going to settle Jakey Devers for her to-morrow, Tim felt safe in his skin again; but possibly the consciousness of being where you are not wanted is more uncomfortable than the prospect of breaking your enemy's cane by the hardness of your skull. At any rate, Mr. Grant thought best to withdraw before his bodily substance had become so infiltrated by Miss Burke's calcareous smile as to render him valuable to dime museums as "a *bona fide* fossil man."

Once outside, he crumpled his obnoxious collar with both hands, as if that innocent structure of triple linen was solely responsible for every disagreeable incident of his visit; after which he felt somewhat better, and resolved never to go there again, anointing his wounded self all over with the mollifying thought that when Miss Burke should return for her next two days' stay at home, *he* would try *his* hand at the petrification business. He alternately amused and comforted himself for several days with highly-colored mind-pictures illustrating conversations which richly set forth his own skill in sardonic repartee, and cruelly exposed her feebleness of wit.

However, as Friday evening approached, he began to have an unpleasant sensation of being pulled two ways at once; and while still rehearsing his carefully prepared speeches, and practising looks and attitudes expressive of withering contempt, he would have welcomed a water-spout, a cyclone, a general cave-in, or any other casualty that might temporarily release him from the necessity of assuming his new rôle before a public which, being concentrated in a single person, aggravated his self-consciousness, and produced premature stage-fright.

It is in such a condition that we find him at the opening of this history, leaning back on the steps, and hearing his grandmother's animated speculations as to the origin of Rosy's "loo-k," as if they were but the whirrings of the pan-house, or the rattling of coal down the iron shoots. Granny Grant enjoyed talking for talking's sake, looking not for base rewards in the form of sympathetic response. She talked not as one who is in feverish haste to empty herself of perilous stuff, nor as one merely possessing a morbid desire of communicating something; nor, again, as one who fears that time will not hold out; but rather as if she had all the time there is, and more too, her speech gliding on with a rich serenity, a continuity and copiousness which seemed like so many assurances of faith in a future existence, and in plentiful opportunities throughout all eternity for saying anything that might chance to be left unsaid here below. This made her a delightful companion in case one did not wish to talk one's self. Tim did not wish to talk just now, and his preoccupied air was far from being an annoyance to his grandmother, since it offered no check to the simultaneous flow of ideas and words.

Having passed judgment in the few cutting words recorded above upon the scant claims to personal beauty possessed by the heads of the Burke family, she went on to discourse more at length upon certain domestic and social traits of theirs which many years' propinquity had brought to her notice.

"Thim Bour-rkes, lavin' oot Rosy, ez the foolishest folks iver was anny-wa-ay," said she. "I don't see how the Lor-rd A'moighty cud 'a' ma-ade oop hes moind to ma-ake 'em. He must 'a' been grea-atly sthrook at the toime wid the desoire to crea-ate, widoot havin' jist the roight shtoof fer the porpose at hand. Why, they're wuss nor clenkers, 'cause thim ye can pound oop fer roa-ads, but et's a bahd sor-rt o' futtin' or whaylin' ye'd git over sich a wobblin' boddy as Frank Bour-rke. An' as fer Ja-ane, ye cud la-ay her cross-wa-ays on a hill fer to ketch the wagin' whayles an' rist the bastes awhoile; she'd niver wear oot in a huntherd year. She ain't no more fet to breng oop cheldern than a siven-month ba-aby. God knows, she's hed enoof of 'em, but soom pessons niver lear-rns. Why, last wenter was a year, whin Ann an' lettle Mikey was seck wid dipthary, an' grea-at ulsters doon their troa-ats the wuss sor-rt, what do ye thenk thaht levin' cratur' of a wumman ded? She ded this: she wint to the sare-cus, an' lift thim youngsthers ahl be thimsilves, only their lettle brathers an' sesthers, an' soom o' the neighborin' cheldern what ketched the ulsters from 'em, an' they ahl wrapped oop in kerosene rags, an' a-playin' aroun' the foire, an' no wan but the Howly Vare-gin a-kapin' 'em from exsh-plodin'; an' their mahther awa-ay enj'yin' hersilf en the medst o' howlin' wild bastes an' haythens, what's got more hayer on their hids than dacency annywheer ilse; an' a-lukkin' at min in nahthin' but their own skens, lavin' oot a bet o' penk or grane selk, what 'ud be as goo-d awa-ay. An' thim a-wokkin' on the saylin', an' a-shtandin' on their hids widoot hur-rtin' 'em, 'cause there's nahthin' en 'em to be hur-rted. An' Frank he goes alahng wid 'er shtid o' kapin' to 'is wor-rk, an' whin they coom bahk I'm blist ef he ain't tepsy, an' thim poor cheldren seck an' sooferin' an' gettin' ento meschief; an' it's me an' Mis' Har-rt as lukked afther 'em, a-runnin' en to gev 'em a dawse o' kerosene noo an' thin. An' I says to um, says I, 'Et's a murtherin' sha-ame as ye can't kape sthra-aight whin your own enfants ez a-ailin'.' An' says he, 'Do ye thenk I'm dhrunk?' An' I says, 'Sure, an' I don't thenk ye're bastely sawber.' Nor he wasn't, nayther; an' thin whin lettle Mikey died—wid chokin' to death wid the ulsters en his troa-at an' the pay-nuts an' the pop-corn what his mahther gev um, thin they must have sech a wa-ake as ye niver seen; an' the ennocent enfant a-layin' oot wid candles, an' a white coffin ahl dicora-ated wid flowers, an' a white hear-rse an' white hor-rses to dhraw et, an' a loine o' levery wagins what ud ma-ake the sare-cus mor-rtified to show et-silf, an' Frank an' Ja-ane a-wapin' an' a-pakin' oot behind their handkerchiefs to show their grafe—ow-ch!" And granny dumped the ashes out of her pipe as if it was one of the seven vials of wrath.

"Noo theer's Rosy," she went on, and her tone softened with her theme. "Ye wudn't thenk she'd a bet o' their shtoof en 'er—wud ye? She's a na-ate lettle pesson as iver was; *she* ain't wan o' the shlatterin' sor-rt. Why, whin she was a wee ba-aby I us'n't to b'lave they got her roightly, though I was at the layin'-in mesilf, an' gev her the fesst shpankin' she iver got, to ma-ake sure she was aloive; but she growed oop thaht defferent from thim what's aboot her that I says oftentoimes to Ja-ane, says I, 'Sure 'n' Rosy's not your own enfant; soombody's wint an' cha-anged her.' An' Ja-ane she got tearin' mahd ivery toime I told her thaht; an' says she, 'It's yoursilf as cha-anged her, thin.' Howly Sa-aints! an' me a-countin' on that blissed ba-aby iver sence before she come ento the wor-rld fer me gran'dahter: supposin' she dedn't tur-rn oot to be a by, what wud I be a-cha-angin' her fer?

"But she was ahlways defferent. I niver seen the exthryardinary wa-ay she tuk to boo-ks; an' to luk at her at foive year a-standin' oop, wid her rag ba-aby en her arrums an' her hayer en lettle reng-cur-rls, a-resoitin' verses loike a praste! What's thim verses, noo?

'The by shtnd on the bur-rnin' dick'

(an' a beg fool he was, sure), but to see her sa-ay 'em—ow! et was pur-rty.

"Ye'd jist know she'd tur-rn oot a school-taycher, an' a foine theng 't ez to be ensthrooctin' cheldern. I wis' ye wudn't ta-ake on aboot et so. Rosy's jist as fond o' ye 's she iver was, an' it's the troot I'm a-sa-ayin'. I seen her last Sunday was a fortni't, a-pakin' oot the windy as shloy's a caht to ketch a soight o' ye ahl dhressed oop en your new claws, an' whin ye putt your haht on the bahk o' your hid, to wan soide, I jist heerd her sa-ay, 'Ain't he a da-aisy fallow?'

"Noo, Tem, ye mustn't be so poor-hear-rted; gyurls ez quare thengs soomtoimes. They're jist thaht coontra-airy ye can ahlways ta-ake 'em to mane what they dedn't sa-ay, an' whin they'll not loo-k at ye, et's themsilves as 'll be a-lahngin' for ye to enquoire the rason."

This shameless "giving away" on granny's part of her own sex was not without its effect upon Tim, whose dull ear had been just awakened by the flattering remark alleged to be Rosy's, but which in truth was only a flower of fancy from the fertile soil of granny's own mind, and then roused into eager attention by an *exposé* of feminine inconsistency finely calculated to act as an alterative upon his relaxed masculinity. For some occult reason—one of those things undiscoverable by any fellow—Rosy was trying to make a fool of him, and he had been tamely consenting to the process. To think of his weakening after all those resolves taken on and since Monday night! But *now* let Miss Burke appear! Let her be rigid with starch and stateliness! Let her—

At this moment was heard a brisk, clattering sound, suggestive of a gentle wind in sails, or the flapping of a sheet stretched out on line to dry and sweeten in the sun and breeze. It was caused by the little boots of Miss Burke tap-tapping against her petticoat as she tripped along the hard coal-ash walk; but for all its gentleness it came with the force of a command to "fire!" and forthwith Tim shot like a ball from a cannon's mouth through the door, right over the head of his grandmother, who calmly adjusted her cap frill, remarking to Rosy that "she'd betther not go aboot tirrifyin' young min thaht wa-ay, or she'd have soomthin' t' answer fer."

On Saturday morning Tim made an early escape to work, and at three o'clock "shnaked bahk," as granny said, like a runaway slave, felicitating himself upon his successful avoidance of that fair-haired Gorgon who dwelt temporarily at No. 18.

But between three o'clock and bedtime there are a dangerous number of hours and minutes, and while making his toilet Tim resolved to go down to town, a way of spending Saturday afternoon not unusual with him, although of late he had preferred hanging about home, in the hope of catching glimpses and glances which were at once exasperating and delicious. Yes, he would go to town, and come back late, and retire early, and—well, and trust the saints for his future safety.

Passing a drug store he was reminded of the healing property there is in soda-water for a wounded spirit, and straightway walked in upon Mrs. Hugh Wilson and Miss Burke regaling themselves at that fountain of froth and "fizz"; so he betook his wounded spirit to the street again, hoping he had not been seen. Walking aimlessly about, he stumbled no less than thrice upon these two seemingly ubiquitous ladies, who smiled graciously at him, but not with the smile that says, "Won't you join us?" So the disheartened youth strolled homeward, concluding that this world offered no asylum for poor hunted wretches like himself.

Miss Burke attended early mass on Sunday, being not less pious than pretty. Tim was enjoying "forty morning winks" as she went clanking by; but that petticoat music mingled with his dreams in a way that made waking seem a cruel transition from paradise to purgatory. Still he ate a fairly good breakfast, and time somehow wore along. The day of rest performed well what would appear to be its chief function, namely, to enforce the blessedness of that portion of the primal curse which promises no other sauce for bread than the sweat of the brow. "Blue Monday" approached, clad in the rose-colored robe of all to-morrows that hold out the hope of change from present misery.

In April, when the sun shines warmly, four o'clock in the afternoon is not a bad time for a walk. Tim found it much pleasanter in the marshy meadows than remaining a prisoner in his own house, a butt for his grandmother's choicest ridicule. He climbed a grassy hill, and sat down upon the ridge, with his back to the big town lying hazy by its winding river, while before him rose a dark mountain wall stretching from east to farthest south. Throughout the whole length of the narrow valley at his feet was an almost continuous chain of breakers with their attendant culm heaps, jetty in the near foreground, but taking from distance the rich hue and bloom of a purple plum.

A strange spectacle with a charm of its own! But Tim had not climbed that hill for a spectacle; he went there for peace and quiet, and a chance to make his mind up once for all. His mind, however, preferred remaining "in the raw," and utterly refused to submit to the process of manufacture. His attention would not be drawn inward and concentrated; it flitted like a butterfly, alighting at length upon a smiling spot of pink at the foot of the verdant slope. This was a wild crab-tree jubilant with budding promise. No bee ever flew straighter to its favorite honey pot, lured by the color signal, than did Tim fly toward this vast posy.

The tree stood in a corner of the meadow, nearly surrounded by a natural hedge of thorn-bushes and sumach. Its few leaves were of the newest green, but their brightness only served as an unobtrusive setting for a million buds, whose form, texture, and ineffable hue have but one counterpart in nature—the little dainty cushions underneath a baby's toes.

Tim gazed at the sight which one might think even a cow could not pass unmoved. He was wondering if he had enough daring left to take home a bunch of these beauties to a certain person, when a singular shaking movement among the branches made him step nearer and look more closely up into the thick blooming mass. Somebody was there, sure. A girl, too, for he saw a glimmer of white.

"Hello!" said Tim, in telephonic greeting; but no responsive hello came from the tree.

"What you doin' up there?" he asked.

A faint voice came down to him. "I'm caught! I can't get loose."

Tim parted the branches. Seated upon a stout limb, with her feet in a crotch, was Miss Burke. At first sight there appeared to be no reason why she should not descend at her will, but he soon discovered that a strong linen lace on her petticoat's hem had fastened itself upon one of the huge thorns of the tree, quite beyond her reach. Both thorn and lace refused to yield, so there she sat, surfeited with sweets, like a cat drowned in her coveted cream.

"Hello!" said Tim again, when he saw who it was. A sudden change had come over him. This was no longer Miss Burke, assistant teacher of Ironbrook school; it was Rosy, and he was Tim the tease, once more.

He felt not in the least hurry to help her down. She could not possibly look prettier anywhere than she did up there, with her sunny brown head against a bewildering background of blossoms, between whose shell-pink clusters tiny odd shapes of tender blue showed themselves. She was safe, too. He had her, so to speak, and he meant to keep her as long as he could. So he leaned against the trunk, comfortably crossing his arms upon a convenient lower branch, and proceeded to make himself agreeable.

"How long you been here, Rosy?" said he. "Ain't you gettin' some tired? Better come down."

Rosy gave a tug at her skirt. "I can't get loose."

"Oh, that's what's ailin', is it? Well, you see the tree ain't content wid bein' as purty as 'twas made, it wants all the more purty it can git," replied Tim, whose progenitors had kissed the Blarney Stone, and transmitted its effects.

"Oh, you!" said Rosy, in a tone that might mean a dozen things, but which Tim construed as meaning one thing, so he went on:

"I *thought* 'twas lookin' mighty smilin' when I seen it up on the hill, so I come down to find out what 'twas smilin' about. Don't blame it, neither. Guess I'd smile too if I was the tree." Here he received a shower of buds full in his upturned face. "I say, don't ye be peltin' me that way with them hard things, 'nough to break a fellow's head. Look here! I seen a swarm o' bees when I come down, all flyin' this way. The head one he says, 'Smelt a new kind o' flower down yonder, sweeter'n honey; le's go have a sting at it.'"

Just now, in terrible corroboration of Tim's words, a huge bumblebee, with rich premonitory *s-summ-m*, swung heavily in among the flowers right over Rosy's head.

"Oh, Tim, take me down—take me down! Oh! oh! I'll be stung all over. Oh, Tim, *please* take me down!" shrieked Rosy, dodging this way and that, and holding out two entreating arms that would have weakened Tim's heart at once if he had not been so tickled with the thought of having her at his mercy.

"You be easy, now. Bumblebees don't sting." He looked over his shoulder. "That swarm must 'a' got on the wrong track. Don't seem to be a-comin' this way yet. I say, Rosy, you do look awful purty there. Guess I'll climb up and take a kiss."

"No, you sha'n't," said Rosy, filling her hands anew with blossoms.

"Now you know that can't do me no harm," said the heroic Tim, looking up with unflinching countenance at this would-be engine of destruction preparing to discharge its dainty projectiles. "You jest throw me a kiss instead o' them things, and then *maybe* I'll let you down." The red lips pouted. "There, I see the kiss a-comin'; it's most out. Jest help it along a leetle, won't you?"

"*Oh, Tim!*"—in an exasperated tone—"hold your tongue, and go away."

"I won't hold my tongue, nor I won't go away, nor you don't want me to, neither. How'd you git down if I went away?"

"Well, help me down, then."

"I will if you'll give me a kiss first."

"You don't dare to kiss me."

"*Don't* I?" And Tim began to climb the tree.

Rosy tore off one of the less obstinate thorns and presented arms. Tim paused, seated himself astride of the limb where his elbows had rested, took out his pocket-knife, and cut off the largest thorn he could find, then held it out menacingly in imitation of his fair foe.

Rosy smiled; naturally Tim smiled too. Then Rosy burst into a peal of laughter, and for a while the tree shook with their combined cachinations. When this timely mirth had subsided, Tim started a fresh subject.

"I say, Rosy, you didn't treat me so very well when I went over to Ironbrook that time. Never seen anything stiffer'n you was."

"I wasn't stiff," said Rosy.

"Wasn't you, though? Then a corpse is limber. Well, you made *me* feel stiff, anyway; kind o' thought I was laid out in my coffin—cold chills all runnin' up and down me. What made you act so, Rosy?" Tim was realizing to the full the advantages of his present position, and waxed bold beyond imagination. "'Tain't a nice way to treat a fellow you've always knowed. What makes you do it?"

Rosy appeared to be tracing out cabalistic figures upon her palm with the whilom threatening thorn; she looked grave, not to say cross. Presently, in her starchiest tone, "How did I treat you?"

"Now look here! I don't want none o' your nonsense. I won't stand it, nor I ain't a-goin' to tell you how you treated me, neither, 'cause you know's well's I can tell you, an' you meant to do it, an' you're meanin' it now." Tim spoke with great severity, for he wanted Rosy to think he was angry, but twinkles twitched at the corners of his mouth and under his eyelids. The latter he managed to conceal by keeping his eyes down, but the feathery red line upon his upper lip left the former cruelly exposed. He *had* been angry, but who could be so now, with little bird in bush and hand at once? He felt perfectly sure of her, but he would not let her know it—not just yet. It isn't every day in the year that you can catch your sweetheart up in a tree like this: the pleasure must be lengthened out. So he was sternness itself as he went on: "I tell you what, Rosy, a girl can play one too many tricks of this sort. A fellow gits kind o' disgusted after a while. He says to himself, '*That* girl ain't no good; she's all slaty; she won't light a fire worth a cent.' So he goes off prospectin' fer a vein what 'll pay fer the workin'. Now, if you think I'm a-goin' to marry you—"

"Who's talking of marrying?" snapped out Miss Burke.

"*I'm* talkin' o' marryin'," replied Mr. Grant, calmly. "That's what I come here fer."

"Well, *I* didn't."

"What *did* you come fer, anyway?"

"I came to pick flowers, and have a good time all by myself."

"You don't seem to be havin' such a very good time."

"I was having it till you came."

"Oh-h!" said Tim. "I guess I'll quit." And he made as if he were getting down.

"Don't go and leave me. Help me down first," implored Rosy.

Tim relented slightly. "All right; but you've got to promise me something before I do."

"What's that?"

"Promise me you'll marry me."

"I won't no such thing," said Rosy, forgetting her school English in the heat of contest.

"Then I won't let you down." And Tim the tease reseated himself, leaning back, and twirling what he had hopes would one day be a mustache.

The sun was sinking now behind the green hills, but the upper half of the crab-tree yet glowed with its parting beams. Rosy's head was in this more favored portion, and her light frizzled hair formed a misty golden *gloria* around her brows. Tim sat in the shadow with upturned eyes, like an adoring worshipper before a shine.

Soon the sun disappeared, the glow vanishing with it, and a little shivering breeze went through the tree.

"It's getting cold," said Rosy. "Please help me down."

"Any time you like," replied the amiable Tim, not stirring an inch, nor moving his eyes away from her face. An almost overpowering odor from the myriad buds filled the cool air. "Smells nice here. Guess I'll stay all night." And he folded his arms serenely, closed his eyes, and pretended to snore. The next moment Rosy began to cry; the trunk against which Tim leaned trembled with her sobs, and all the pink buds quivered in sympathy.

Tim was suddenly revealed to himself as an inhuman monster. In an instant his feet were upon the limb where he had been sitting, and his arms were where they had been aching to be for a longer time than he could tell.

"Rosy, Rosy, don't you cry, Rosy! I didn't mean to make you cry. I deserve a lickin', I do. Put your head on my shoulder, Rosy darlin'." But it was already there, the dear little head, with its soft curly hair close against his cheek and neck, the tears falling upon his Sunday suit—happy Sunday suit!

That strong shoulder under its cloth coat was quite the most agreeable place for a good cry that Rosy had ever found, and she did not try very hard to quiet herself, but kept on uttering gentle, hysterical sobs and sniffs, because it was so pleasant to have Tim patting her as if she was a baby, and saying, "Sh-sh!" and, "There, there, don't cry!" But at length she managed to speak.

"Let's get down," she said.

"All right; but I must stick to my word, you know," responded her high-minded lover. "I *said* I wouldn't let you down till you'd kissed me and promised to marry me, an' I won't."

A very wet face was lifted to his, the kiss bestowed being perchance a trifle salt for a critical taste, though Tim seemed wholly satisfied with it.

"Now say you'll marry me—quick," said he, for love's wine was warm in his veins, and the branch had become a rather unsteady footing. Her answer came with all the promptness he could desire:

"Of course I will, Tim dear. Who else would I marry if not you?"

Tim raised himself up to the next notch, reached out a trembling arm, and disengaged the lace from the thorn that held it so obstinately. In a few moments more they had both descended out of their roseate cloudland, and stood upon common earth again.

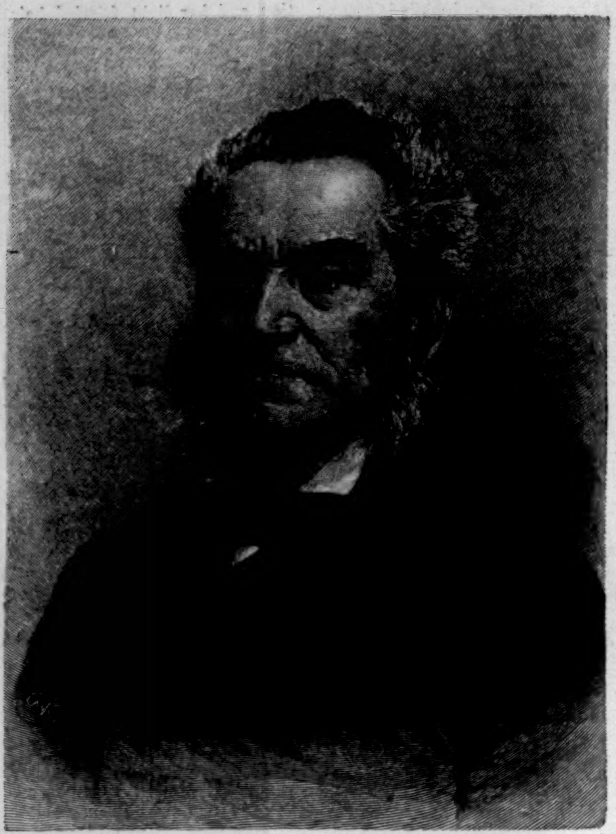
Rosy had given her promise, but she made Tim wait a year for its fulfilment. He must be getting better wages, she said, before they could marry, and she herself must teach some more to lay up money toward a trousseau and house-furnishing. Such thrift and moderation delighted granny, who made daily public rejoicing that her grandson was "kapin' coomp'ny wid a gyurl what had her wets aboot her, an' dedn't mane to go floppin' ento widlock loike a hin wid its hid off."

THE LATE VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN.

VICE-ADMIRAL ROWAN, who died in Washington March 31st, at the ripe age of eighty-five years, had an unusually brilliant and successful career. His record covers a period of sixty years' service in the United States navy, and he was probably the only officer in American naval history who enjoyed the honor of promotion to two ranks on the same day—those of captain and of commodore. He participated in three wars with distinguished honor, the Seminole, the Mexican, and the civil, and in the last his achievements take rank among the greatest of that trying time.

The deceased admiral was born in Ireland, in December, 1805, and coming to this country in early life, he was appointed, in 1826, to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, from Ohio, where he had been for some time a student at Oxford College. He was promoted to passed midshipman in April, 1832, and during the Seminole war he cruised in the sloop of war *Vandalia* on the west coast of Florida, being placed in command of frequent boat expeditions and operations on shore. Commissioned as lieutenant in 1837, he passed several years on coast-survey duty, and then took an active part in the war with Mexico, being present at the capture of Monterey and San Diego, where he landed and hoisted the American flag July 29, 1846. He commanded the naval battalion under Commodore Stockton at the battle of the Mesa, Upper California, in January, 1847; took charge of a landing party that made a successful night attack on a Mexican outpost near Mazatlan; and he was executive officer of the sloop *Cyane* when she bombarded Guaymas, captured twenty Mexican vessels, and destroyed several gun-boats. Later he commanded an expedition into the interior of the country, which defeated a large force of the enemy.

After serving on ordnance duty, 1850–53, he was promoted to commander September, 1855, and appointed to the store-ship *Relief*. In May, 1861, he was appointed to the com-



THE LATE DAVID DOWS, OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 283.]

mand of the sloop-of-war *Pawnee*, and on the 25th of the same month he took part in the action with the rebel battery at Acquia Creek, which was the first naval engagement of the war. While in command of the *Pawnee* he was also present at the attack and capture of the forts and garrisons at Hatteras Inlet. On February 7, 1862, he commanded a naval flotilla in the sounds of North Carolina, and took part in the successful combined attack of the navy and army upon Roanoke Island, February 8th. On the morning after the capture of the latter stronghold, Commander Rowan, with a part of his flotilla, pursued the enemy into Albemarle Sound, where, after a dashing charge on a powerful shore battery behind which they had taken refuge, he succeeded in completely destroying or capturing the Confederate vessels and defences. Passing up the river, the flotilla took possession of Elizabeth City and Edenton, destroyed five armed vessels and one schooner, and captured one steamer. He commanded the naval forces at the fall of Newbern, North Carolina, March 12, 1862; captured Fort Macon, and finally cleared the waters of North Carolina of the enemy. On July 16, 1862, he was commissioned as captain, and as a reward for distinguished gallantry was also promoted to commodore, to take rank from the same date. He next commanded the *New Ironsides* off Charleston, and participated in the different engagements with forts Wagner, Gregg, and Moultrie, always with an increase to his reputation.

In 1866 Commodore Rowan received a vote of thanks from Congress, and on July 25th of the same year he was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral, by selection, in recognition of his distinguished services. He was commandant of the Norfolk Navy Yard 1866–67, and from 1868–70 commanded the Asiatic squadron. The office of vice-admiral was specially created for him, and he was promoted to it August 15, 1870. From 1872–76 he was commandant of the New York Navy Yard, port admiral of New York 1877–78; president of the Board of Examiners 1879–81; governor of the Naval Asylum at Philadelphia 1881; superintendent of the Naval Observatory 1882; chairman of the Light-house Board 1883–88. On February 26, 1889, Vice-Admiral Rowan was retired, under special act of Congress, with the highest pay of his grade. The deceased officer leaves one son, First Lieutenant Hamilton Rowan, of the Second Artillery.

THE WINDOM SILVER BILL.

When Congress, seventeen years ago, dropped the silver dollar from the list of coins of the United States, it prepared the way for very serious trouble. Down to that time silver as well as gold could be taken to the mint, and coined for the benefit of the owner under certain specified charges for the operation. It happened that for several years previous the price of silver was too high to permit of its being offered for coinage on the terms established by the laws of this country, so that the coinage of all but fractional money was exclusively gold. In other words, with the double standard sanctioned by law, the people found it to their advantage to confine themselves to gold for the time being. Silver had suited them previously, and might do so again. Under these circumstances, and while the country was using for all ordinary transactions a depreciated paper currency, Congress voted away the traditional and honorable option of coining silver for private account before the option was available. In so doing, Congress deprived the people of a reserved power before the occasion for its exercise had arisen, and thus abused the functions of representative government. No man, acting as the agent of another, would dare to make a gratuitous surrender of any of his legal rights; but here the legislative body did so for the community at large, and the community was bound by its act. How a majority was found in Congress for such a measure would pass comprehension, were it not remembered that for ten years the country had been confused in its notions of the dollar by giving the legal tender quality to a government promise to pay.

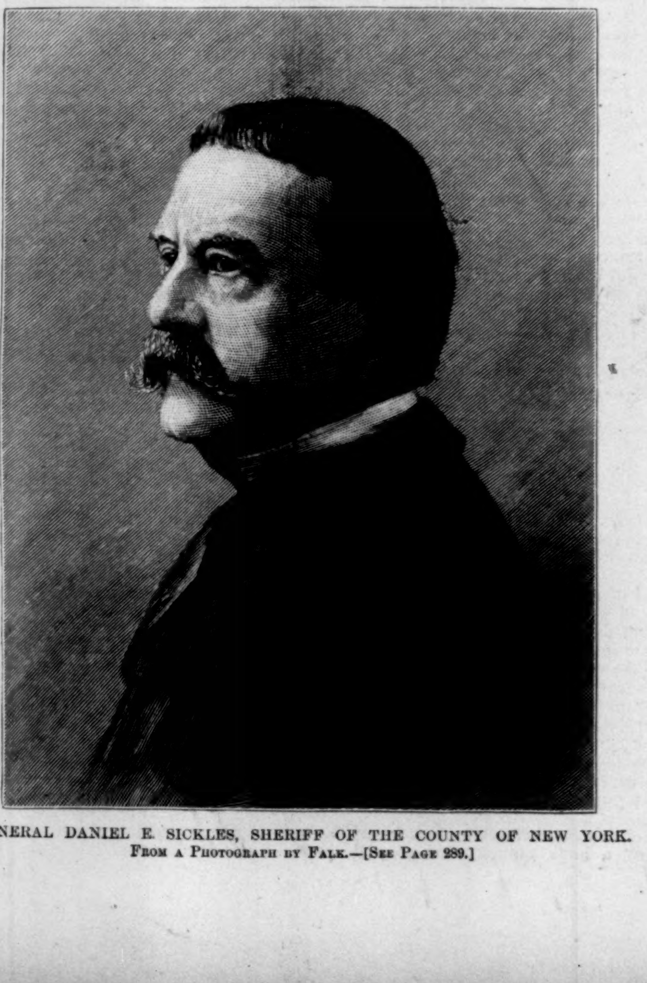
If the law had been left undisturbed, and in course of time silver had declined so as to make it practicable to bring it to the mint for coinage, one of two results would have followed. Either the coinage of silver would have worked well, in which case nothing more could have been desired, or it would have worked badly, and the people themselves would have called upon Congress to change or to repeal the law. Supposing the law actually repealed in this manner, no ground for dissatisfaction could exist. But the course adopted was certain to breed dissatisfaction, and it did so, with many practical difficulties in addition. In five years from the time that the silver dollar was dropped, it was restored to the list of coins and to full legal tender; but owing to the fall in price in the interval, it was coined only on government account, and to a carefully limited extent. Within a year after this restoration the paper currency of the country was brought to par in gold, and it has been maintained there ever since. Silver, however, has sold lower and lower, causing constant uneasiness as to the amount of silver dollars that could be kept afloat at par with gold, as can be readily understood by the fact that we have now some 364,000,000 of silver dollars, full legal tender, and worth in gold only 75 per cent. of their nominal value. At times this anxiety has been serious; but the large decrease of national bank-notes in recent years has been attended by an increasing need for currency, and this conjuncture of circumstances has happily floated the silver safely.

It is important to consider our silver difficulty with reference to the wants of this country first and chiefly. We are to get over the blunder of our Congress in 1873 in our own way. The situation ceased to be a simple one when the continuity of the provision for silver coinage was broken, and subsequent events have made it very complicated. The difficulties of the subject have been keenly felt by successive Secretaries of the Treasury, and they have made suggestions in consequence; but down to last December their remedy was one which the people would not accept—the stoppage of silver coinage. Instinct and interest alike opposed this remedy, and they form a combination hard to overbear. Experience, too, has removed some of the objections which were made to this coinage. Notably, the old argument against silver dollars, that they are too bulky, and only fit for the poorer nations, is repeated in vain in a community where every man carries the silver certificates in his pocket. None the less, there is a danger in continuing our present system. No one knows when the silver coinage will become too great for stability at par with gold, but every one knows that the day may come, and with it the overthrow of our monetary system.

Secretary Windom, in his report of December, brought forward a plan for utilizing the silver product of our mines and smelters without coining the metal which it sells under its mint valuation in gold. Introduced in Congress and amended in the House, this measure proposes that silver produced or smelted or refined in the United States may be deposited with the government, and Treasury notes be issued against it at the market-price, the notes to be receivable for customs, taxes, and all *public* dues, and to be counted by national banks as part of their lawful reserve. The holder of such notes can get silver bullion for them from the Treasury to the value expressed on them, the price of silver being fixed on the day the notes are presented; or he may demand payment in silver dollars. The government reserves the right to pay them in gold. Market-price of silver is to be determined by the Secretary, and the objection has been raised that he cannot fix the market-price, as such a thing does not really exist outside of London. The objection has no weight. The Treasury has bought, with precisely the same determination of market-price, the silver which has been coined into $364,000,000, and is making purchases from week to week. The idea no doubt is that this system of deposit of bullion and issue of Treasury notes will make the Treasury the preferred buyer for American silver, thus diminishing our export of the metal, and affecting the price favorably in consequence. It is not clear that all this will follow. An advance in the price will stimulate the production of silver both here and in other countries, with what consequent effect upon demand no one can foretell. The metal, like gold, is both merchandise and money, and a low price favors its use as the former, but a high price the latter.

It is, however, to be borne in mind that several other countries are nearly as anxious about silver in its relation to gold as this country is, and Mr. Windom's scheme, which is evidently an improvement over our present system, may commend itself to some of them. If so, so much the better for the future price of silver. In the event of silver reaching our mint price of $1.2929 per ounce fine, or $1 for 371.25 grains fine, it is proposed to throw open the mint on the terms of the old law, for then the blunder of 1873 would be rectified. At present the claims of the measure rest upon the stoppage of coining silver dollars, and these claims should be influential with all who wish to preserve our currency at par with gold. It is better for the Treasury to store bullion than silver dollars, and better that it should cease to make the present ignoble profit from coining dollars which cost only seventy-five cents.

Henry J. Macdonald.



GENERAL DANIEL E. SICKLES, SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF NEW YORK.
From a Photograph by Falk.—[See Page 289.]

THE ABILITY TO BEAR PAIN

Is the test of fortitude among the Indian tribes. But we defy any Cherokee, Sioux, or Comanche to endure the twinges of rheumatism without wincing. These, indeed, are slight at first, but grow in intensity until they become unbearable. No malady is more obstinate in its maturity than that which gives rise to them. The more need, then, of attacking it at the outset. Foremost among remedies for it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, safer and infinitely more effective than colchicum, veratrum, and nux vomica, all remedies which might prove destructive of life in a slightly excessive dose. Mineral depurents, also, when not positively mischievous, are far inferior in remedial power to this salutary botanic medicine. It entirely expels from the blood the acrid impurities which originate the disease, and enriches as well as cleanses it. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and other ailments also give way to it.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

HAVE YOU SEEN "CHATTER?"
Julian Ralph is conducting a bright weekly called "Chatter," for the home circle, with stories, pictures, and plenty of fun and valuable reading. One dollar a year. E. G. Riggs, publisher, 12 Beekman Street, N. Y. City.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—
[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures
Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"The Beverage for Nursing Mothers" is what physicians say of Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It strengthens and invigorates the mother's system. Try it. For sale by all druggists and grocers.—[*Adv.*]

Thomas Roberts, Wholesale Grocer, Philadelphia, says: "Burnett's Cocoaine allays all irritation of the scalp, and will most effectually remove dandruff and prevent the hair from falling out."—[*Adv.*]

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of Angostura Bitters, the South American tonic.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c. —[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

In purchasing medicines, don't try experiments; the first and only consideration should be genuineness. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has stood the test of forty years, and to-day it is in greater demand than ever—a triumphant proof of popular approval.—[*Adv.*]

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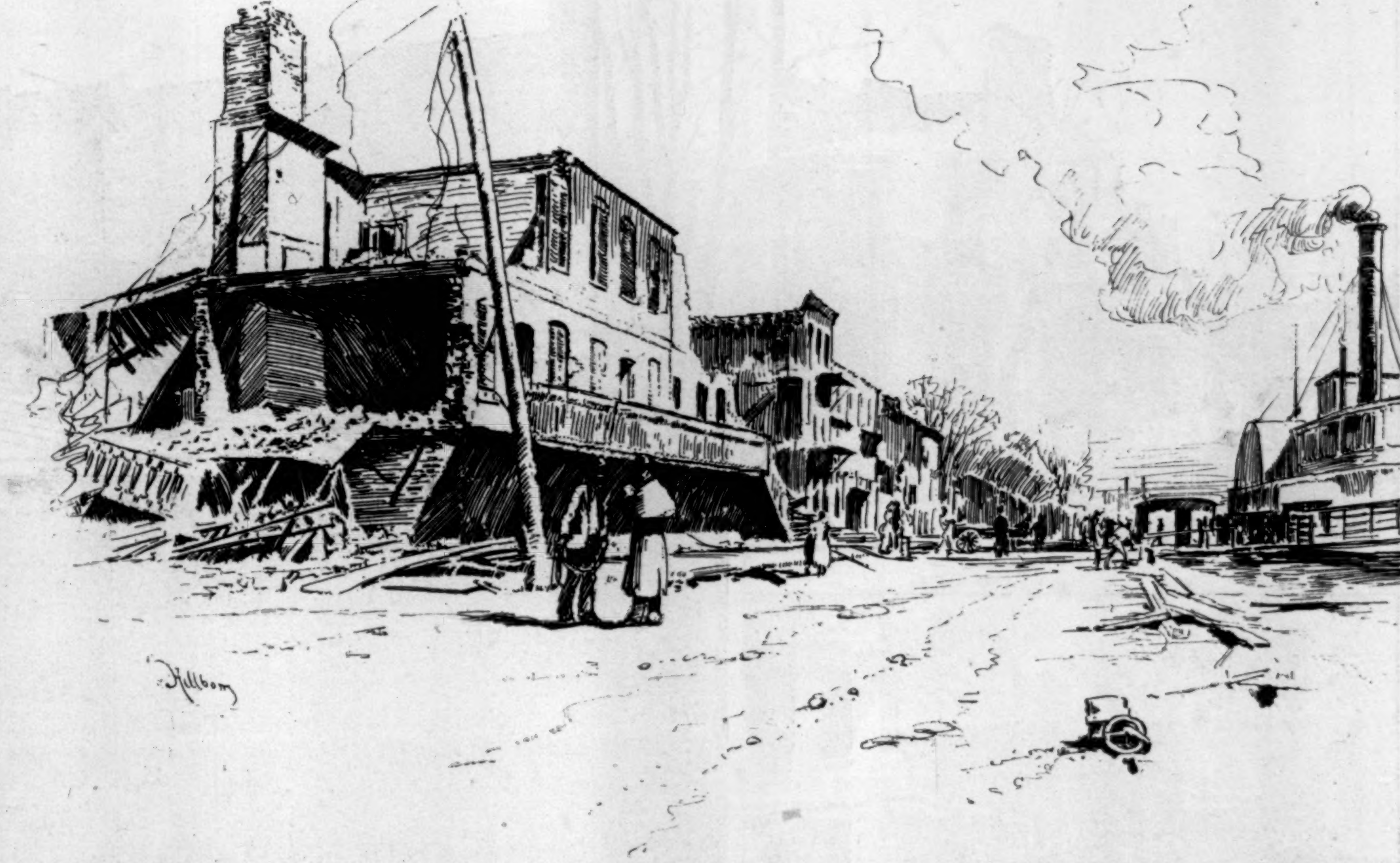


WRECK OF MORGAN'S HOTEL, FRONT STREET, JEFFERSONVILLE, INDIANA.—From a Photograph by H. Beust, New Albany.

LOUISVILLE AFTER THE TORNADO.

Sufficient time has elapsed since the appalling descent of the tornado upon the city of Louisville, Kentucky, on the evening of March 27th last, to ascertain definitely the amount of damage to life which it has caused, and approximately the loss of property. Fortunately the calamity, in the light of the latest information, has been discovered to be much lighter than was feared when the first tidings estimated the loss of human life at several hundreds, and the damage to property at many millions. It was natural to form an exaggerated idea of the number of people killed and wounded, for it seemed impossible that such extensive and sudden destruction of buildings in a populous city could be otherwise than attended with great disaster to human life. But it is now known, through the official list of casualties, that not more than seventy-five people were killed by the storm in Louisville. About one hundred others were injured, of whom a great proportion at this date—almost all—are likely to recover. The majority of the deaths and injuries occurred at Falls City Hall, in West Market Street, a three-story building, the ground-floor of which was a market, and on the second floor of which Golden Lodge Knights and Ladies of Honor were in session, and in an adjacent room a dancing class was being taught by Miss Rosa App. In one afternoon following the tornado there were thirty funerals, and the city was one of mourning. An affecting death was that of Rev. Stephen Elliott Barnwell, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, who, with his little son Dudley, was overwhelmed amid the ruins of the church and parsonage. Father and son were buried in one coffin, their obsequies attended by Bishop Dudley and all the clergy of Louisville.

Circumstances that account for the light loss of life are the width of the streets, the standing of houses in wide lots, the smallness of the houses, and the number of manufactories deserted at the hour of the storm. Main and Market streets, the principal scene of disaster, were largely occupied by tobacco warehouses and small manufactories relating to the tobacco trade.

Fortunately for the contents of roofless buildings in which were vast quantities of unprotected merchandise, the disaster was followed by three days of good weather. The estimates of property losses have been greatly reduced, the best estimates now placing the figure at $2,500,000, and even lower. The stock, which was far more valuable than the warehouses which contained it, received little injury, the main damage being that which shows so obviously in wreckage of buildings. It causes a temporary suspension of business, but the tobacco men are able to take care of all tobacco shipped to this city. The Union Depot was lifted from its foundations and swept to the ground, and twenty-one passenger coaches crushed in its wreck, but trains on the roads leading into the city have been able to leave and receive their passengers at convenient points without much delay. The work of clearing away the débris is actively in progress, and the work of rebuilding commenced. Tobacco sales are now going on regularly, and many of the merchants whose places were destroyed have secured quarters elsewhere, and have resumed their occupations. Much energy in rebuilding is displayed, and the devastation of the tornado will soon be repaired. In Christian, Breckinridge, Webster, Daviess, Allen, Barren, and Hancock counties, in Kentucky, and in parts of Tennessee, Illinois, and Indiana, there was a considerable loss of property and human life.

This tornado, rising in the Southwest, followed the general course of the Ohio River in a northeasterly direction. It first struck Parkland, a beautiful resident suburb in the southwestern part of Louisville, in the course of a rain-storm with wind, and amid thick darkness and with an appalling roar it swept in a minute through the city, and leaving a path of destruction, disappeared across the river. No reliable record could be obtained of its terrific velocity, which was swift beyond the power of instruments to register. It approached the heart of the city in a regularly pursued path, in a course diagonal to the streets, which run east and west and north and south. So confined was the tornado to its comparatively narrow path that most of the people in other parts of the city slept through the night of its occurrence with no intimation of the havoc it had wrought, and they learned of the disaster first in the morning papers. On the day following the storm, the people gathered among the ruins where searchers had been working all night long. As soon as they could get together after the tornado, the Board of Trade met and organized itself into a General Relief Committee. A Committee of Visitation and Inspection was next appointed, and its members instructed to go into the devastated district, and make a thorough examination of damaged houses and names of parties who had suffered loss so as to obtain accurate information of those entitled to assistance. The City Council at once appropriated $20,000 for the immediate relief of the homeless people. The militia organization known as the Louisville Legion entered upon guard service upon the boundaries of the devastated district, armed and equipped for duty by order of the Governor, to guard the property until it could be protected by its owners. The General Relief Committee and the leading newspapers have from the first maintained that Louisville is fully able to meet its losses, and although outside subscriptions have been gratefully accepted, they have not been solicited. It is remembered that Louisville passed through the disasters of the flood of 1883 sustained by her own self-reliance and self-help. Nevertheless individual residents of New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, and other large cities, made generous contributions, and generous offers of aid have come from every quarter. The contributions, mainly made in Louisville, include $20,000 raised by the City Council, $30,000 voted by the State government, and nearly $15,000 subscribed by railroad and bridge companies, and now amount to about $150,000. Disbursements were made at first only to those who needed immediate help, but later have been extended to those who lost their furniture and household goods.

A noteworthy and most serious disaster caused by the tornado was the wrecking of the stand pipe tower of the water-works, a structure about 150 feet high. It was cut and twisted sheer off by the wind, about thirty feet from the ground, at the point where the stone-work substructure of the iron and frame work ended. The purpose of this tower was to obtain the necessary pressure to force water into the city reservoir. These reservoirs, three in number, have a storage capacity of 125,000,000 gallons. Unfortunately they were only half filled when the disaster occurred. One million gallons of water daily is the ordinary requirement of the city, and although economy has been exercised in the use of water, the supply is practically exhausted, and were a fire to break out in Louisville at a point away from the river-bank there would be no adequate means of repressing it. There is a sufficiency of water for drinking and cooking purposes, for at any point in the level plain upon which the city stands an inexhaustible supply of clear well-water is reached at a depth of thirty feet. On every second corner the city maintains a public pump, and from these pumps the drinking water is generally taken when the Ohio River is high and muddy, although the impregnation of this well-water with lime renders it unsuitable for the laundry or for use in boilers, and manufactories of the city which are uninjured by the storm have generally had to shut down for lack of water.

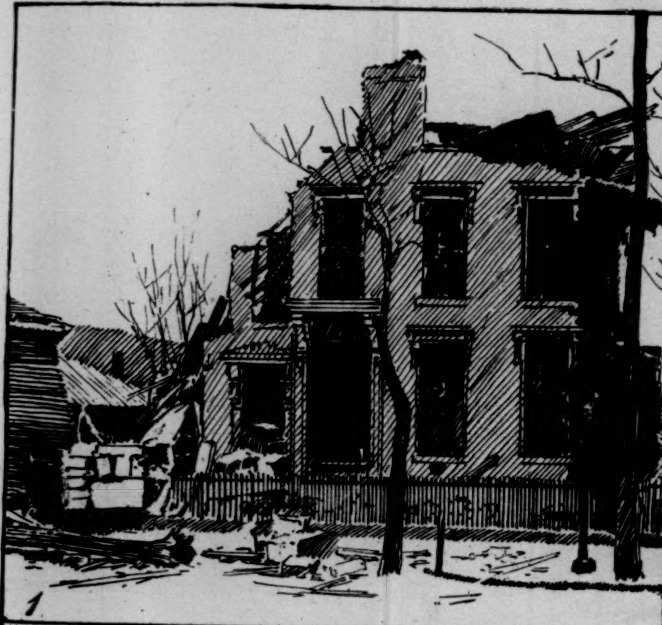
SHERIFF DANIEL E. SICKLES.

The appointment by Governor Hill of General Sickles to the Shrievalty made vacant by Mr. Flack's resignation was an agreeable surprise to men of all parties. The new Sheriff had achieved a large measure of success as a soldier, politician, and diplomat, and the services he has rendered the country in varied capacities are noteworthy. The possessor of an ample private fortune, and of a reputation associated with large dignities, his acceptance of an office which, however important, could have but little attraction to a man of his calibre should be looked on as a sacrifice for the public good.

Daniel Edgen Sickles is a native of the city of New York, born October 20, 1822, of a respectable old family. His youth, like that of many other notable men, was stormy and intractable, and he left home to become a journeyman printer. He finally, however, entered the University of New York, but did not remain till graduation. He studied law in the office of Benjamin Franklin Butler, then United States District Attorney, and was admitted to the bar in 1843. He passed rapidly into politics, was the editor of a campaign paper in 1844, supporting Polk, became an influential Democratic leader, and in 1847 was elected to the Legislature. The rise of the young aspirant for public honors was now rapid. He served a short time as Corporation Counsel in 1853, and the same year was appointed Secretary of Legation, when James Buchanan was sent to England as Minister. When he returned, two years later, he was elected State Senator, and in 1856 and 1858 he was sent to Congress as Representative on the Democratic ticket. In 1861 his voice sounded in the political din as one of the sturdiest of war Democrats, and his natural instincts as a soldier at once responded to the call of his country. He raised the Excelsior Brigade of New York Volunteers, and was made Brigadier-General. His command, a part of the division of "Fighting Joe Hooker," participated gallantly in all the battles of the Peninsular campaign, afterward in the disastrous battle of Bull Run, and was again with McClellan when the latter turned the tide at Antietam. Elevated to the rank of Major-General, Sickles fought in the terrible battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg, in 1863, commanded the Third Corps, which bore the brunt of the first day's fighting. In this great battle, which determined the final result of the war, General Sickles lost a leg. He continued in active service till the end of the conflict, and in 1866 was appointed a Colonel in the regular army and Major-General by brevet. Three years afterward he was placed on the retired list, with the pay and rank of his brevet appointment. General Sickles commanded the admiration of the army and of the country by his gallantry and ability as a soldier, a career for which nature gave him superior aptitude. No one of our civilian Generals except General Logan was perhaps to be compared with him in this respect.

He had the special confidence of Mr. Lincoln, of whom he became a trusted friend, and in spite of the fact that he was eminently a fighting General, there were but few prominent military men so deep in the interior secrets of the Lincoln administration. He was a supporter of General Grant for the Presidency in 1868 and 1872, and was appointed Minister to Spain in 1869, where he remained for four years, resigning his post in 1873 that he might return again to New York and resume his law practice. Though keenly interested in politics, General Sickles remained aloof from active partisanship till the candidacy of General Hancock in 1880, when he became again closely identified with the Democratic party, and worked for its interests, though he evinced no ambition for office.

When General Sickles accepted the appointment of Civil Service Commissioner from Governor Hill in 1887, he was not a believer in any practically effective system of civil service reform. When he resigned his Presidency of the board in 1889 he announced his conversion to the fullest sympathy with and belief in this great measure, and in his letter to the Governor last year, he emphasized its importance with much earnestness. The succession of so able and experienced a public man to the duties of the Sheriff's office promises a speedy cleansing of that Augean stable, the scandals of which, however suspected, have proved so great as to cause something of a public shock. His executive energy and financial independence will insure an administration which will set an ideal for those that come after him, unless all the precedents of his public life prove at fault. General Sickles has already taken preliminary steps to remove those temptations to maladministration in the office which have made this important legal function one of the worst features of a bad city government. The public will watch the issue with great interest.



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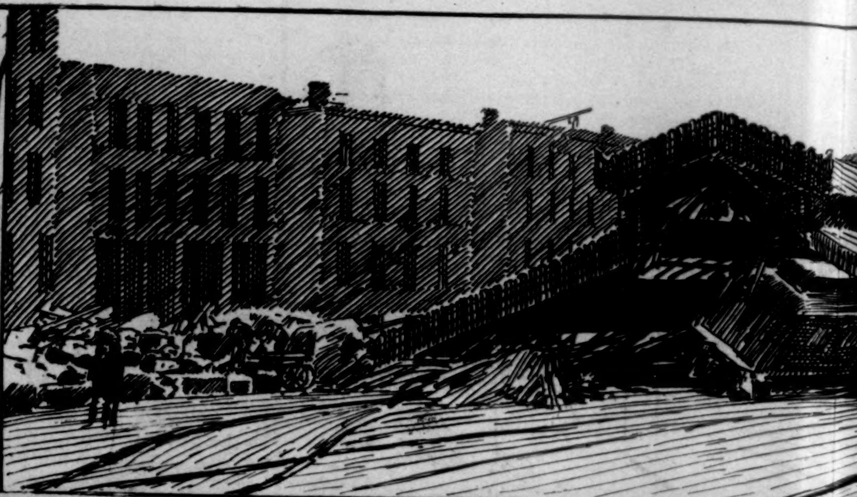

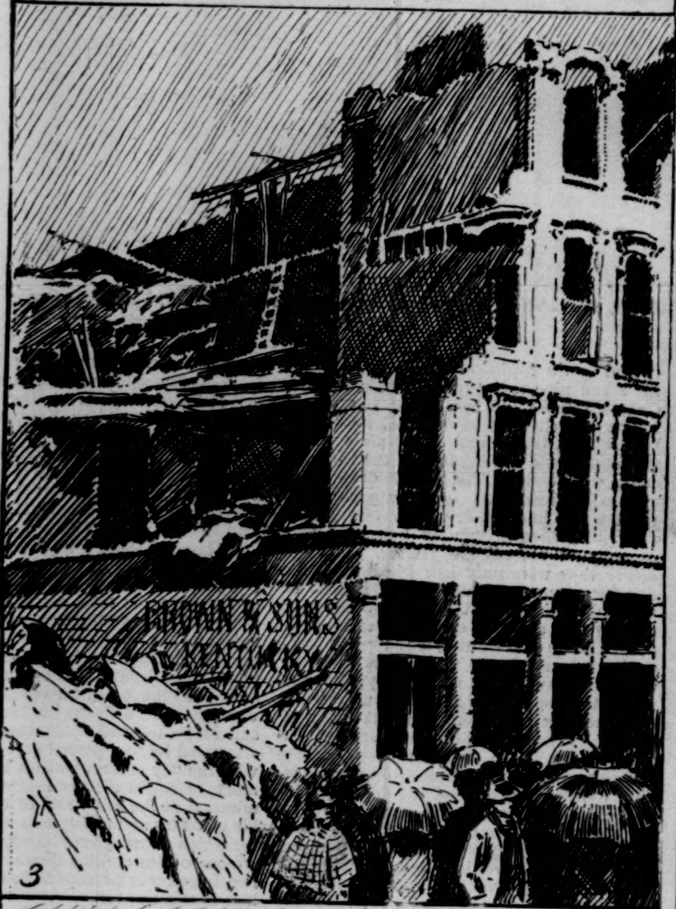

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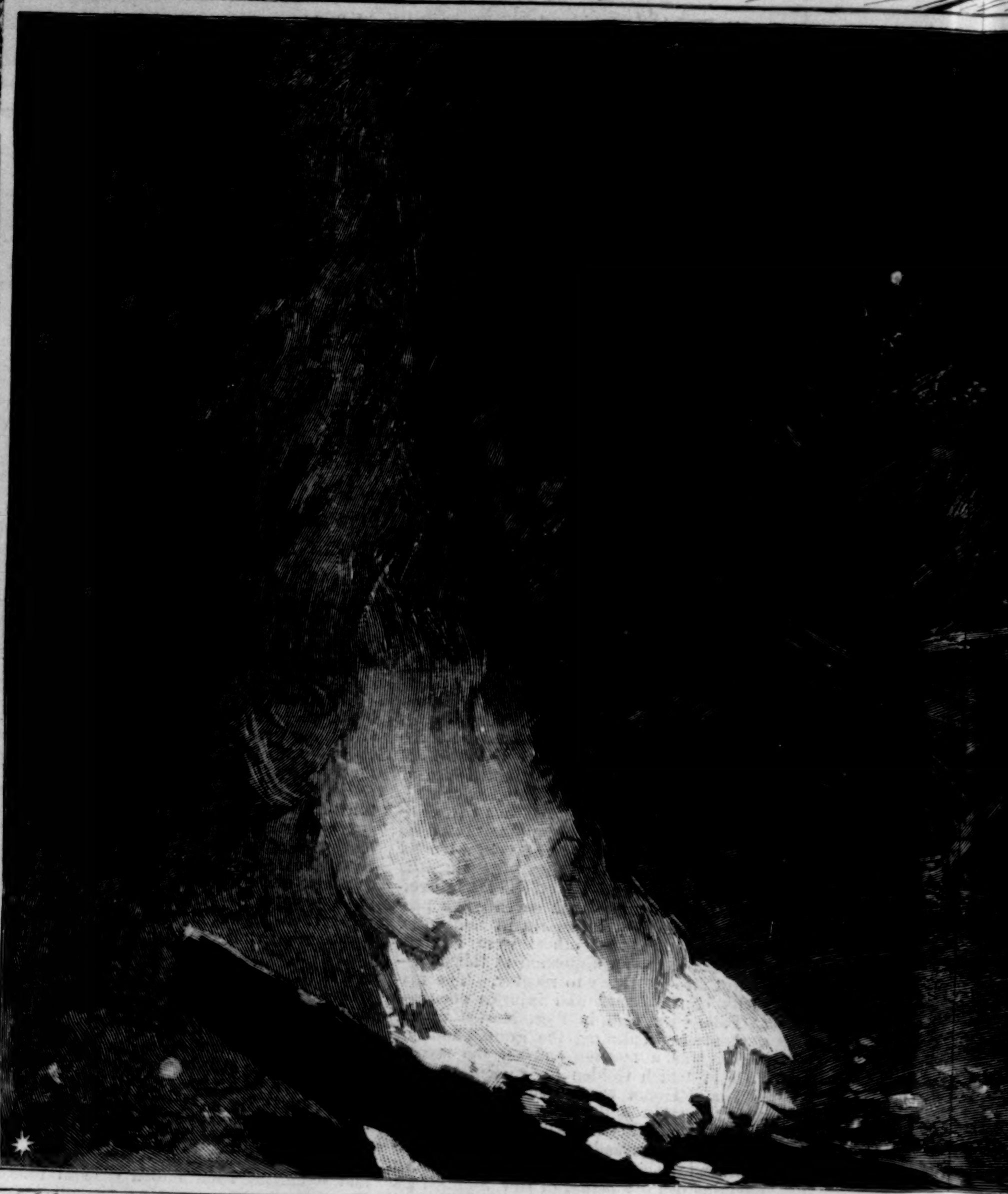

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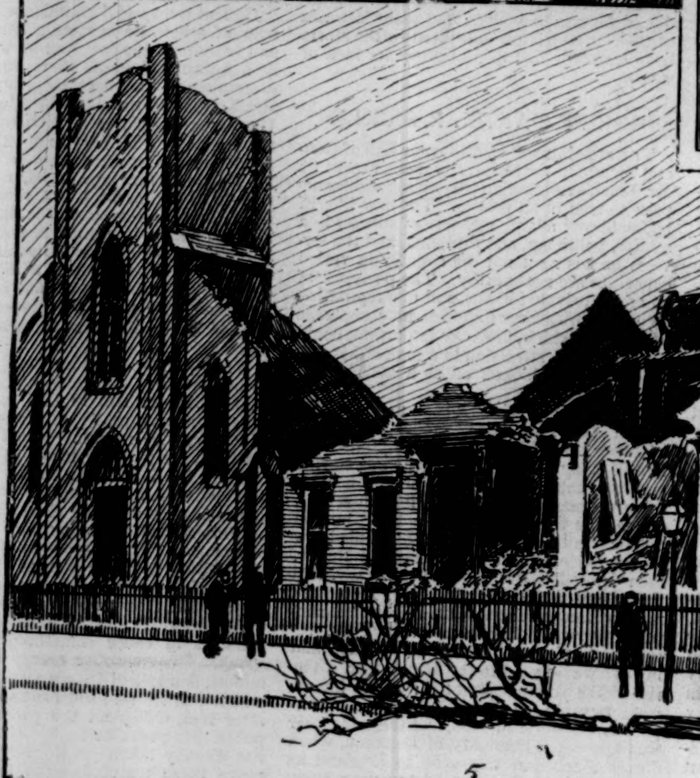

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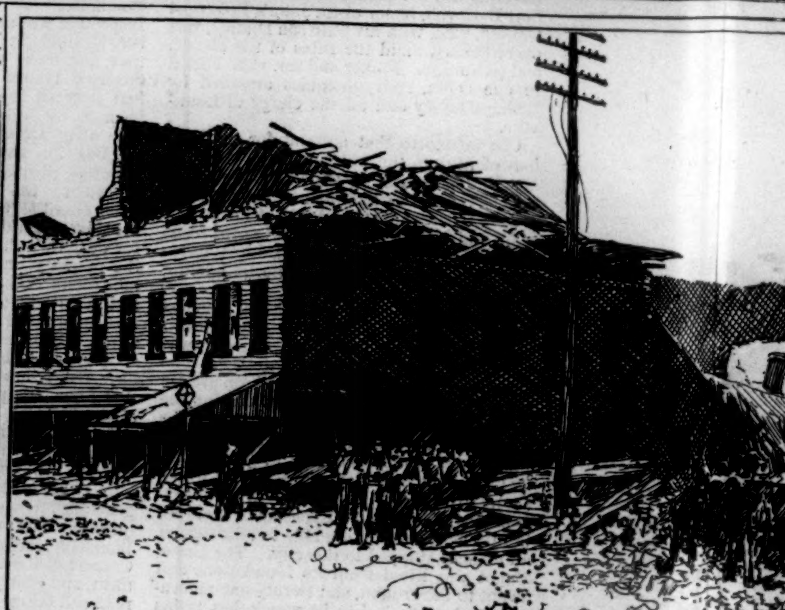
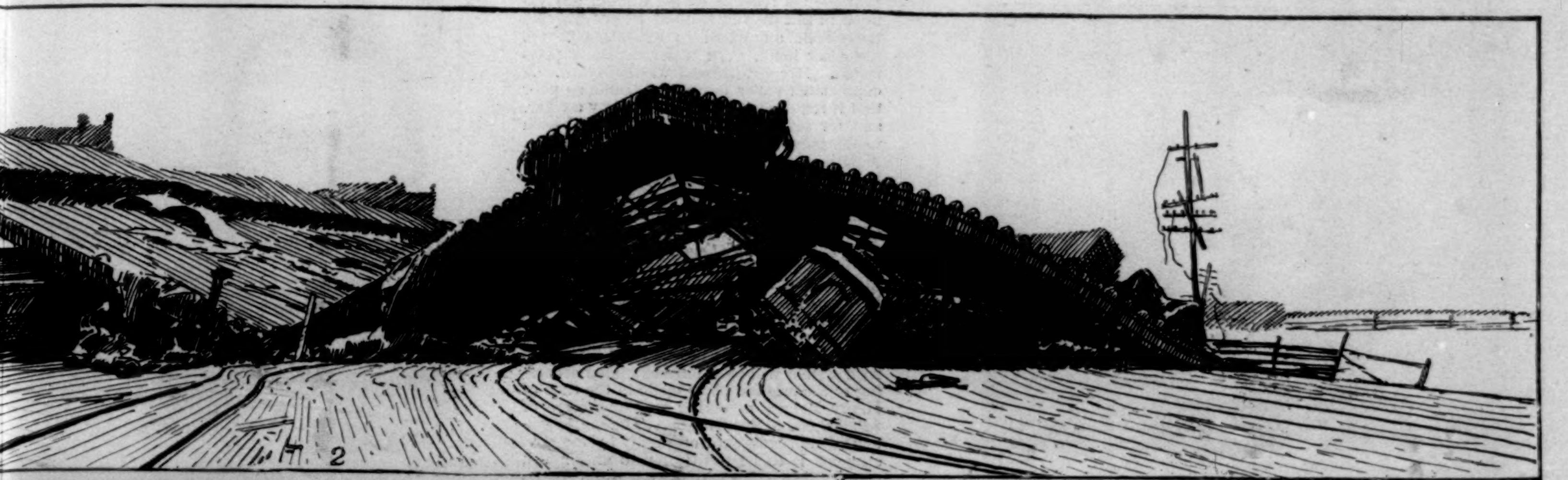


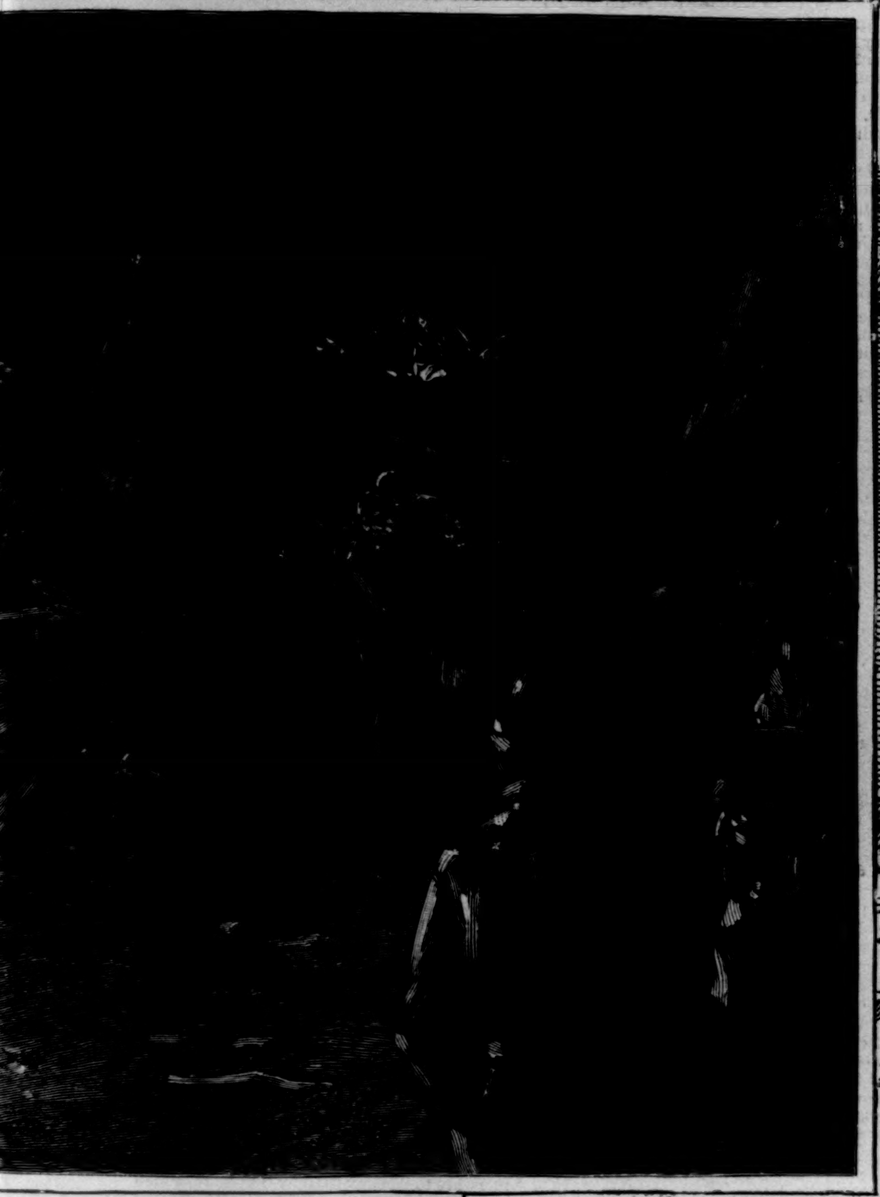
6

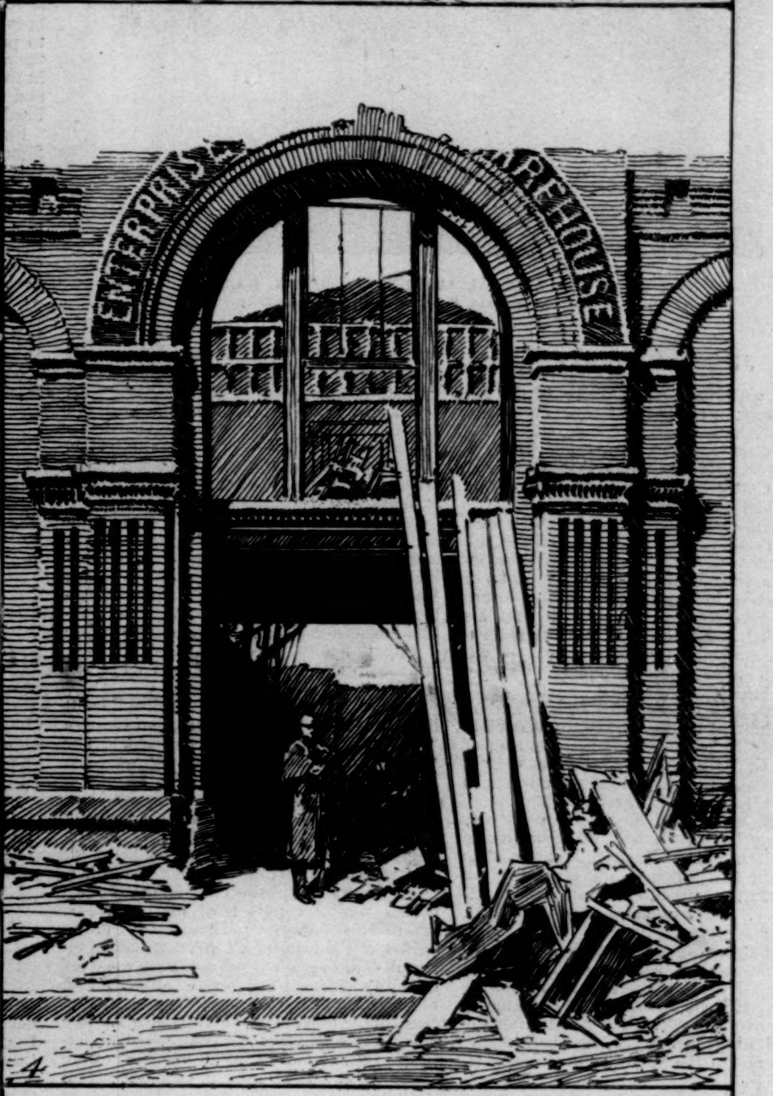
*RESCUE OF THE VICTIMS OF THE FALLS CITY HALL DISA

THE WORK OF THE TORNADO AT LOUISVILLE, KEN

1. Residence of Dr. Griffith. 2. Wreck of the Union Depot. 3. Northeast Corner of Eight and Main Streets. 4. Warehouses on Main St



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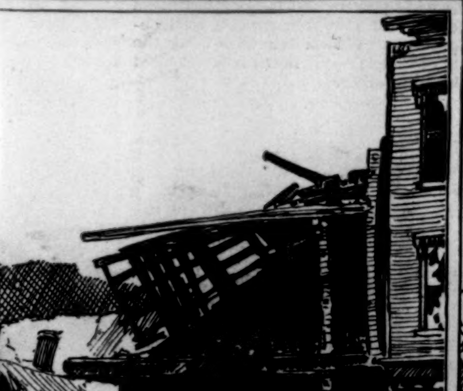

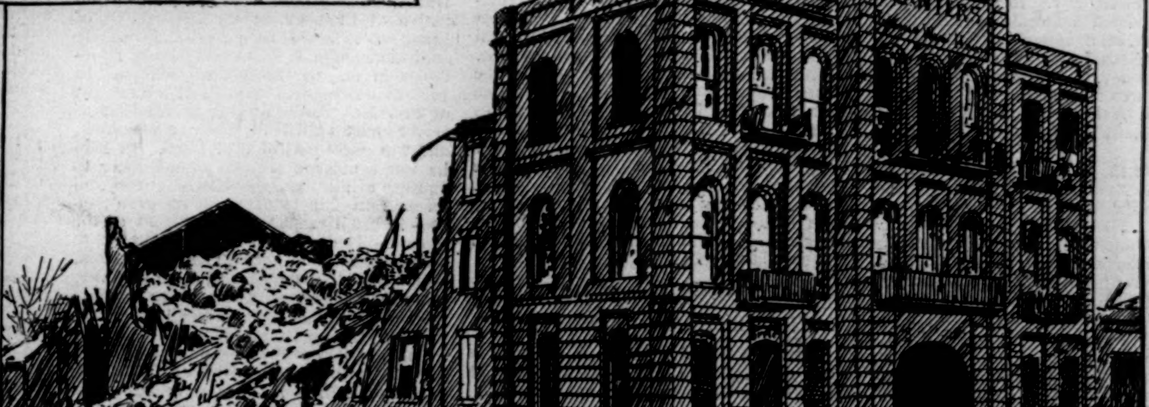

LL DISASTER ON THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

KENTUCKY.—Drawn by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 289.]

Main Street. 5. St. John's Church and Parsonage. 6. Corner of Eleventh and Market Streets. 7. Warehouses on Main Street.